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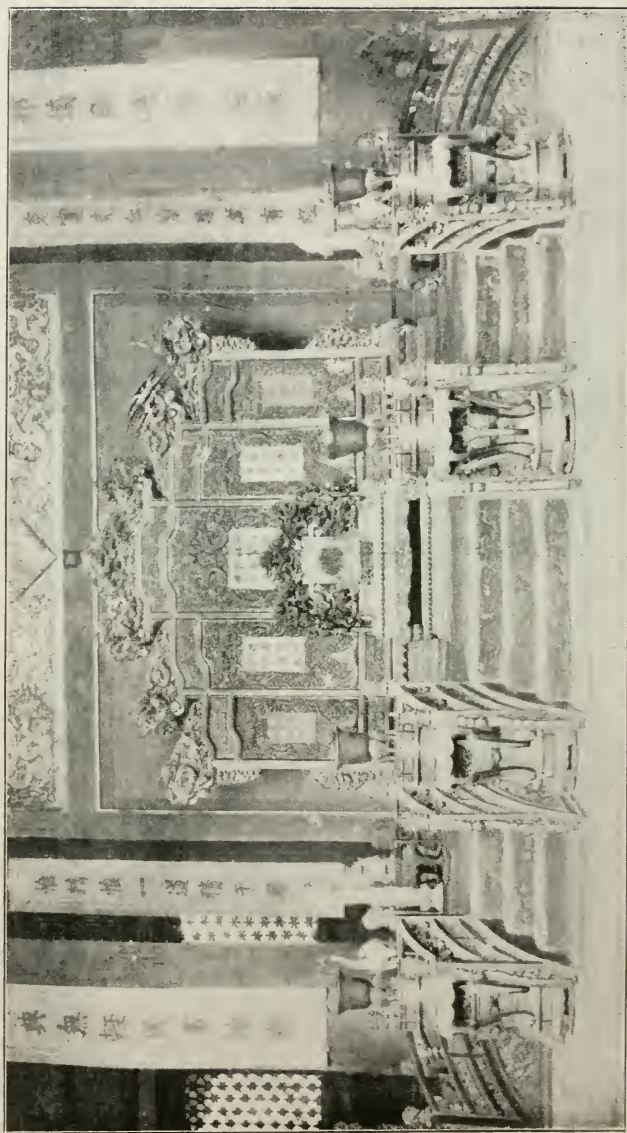
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Bentley





THE ROYAL THRONE, PEKIN.

Illustrious Chinese Christians

Biographical Sketches

By

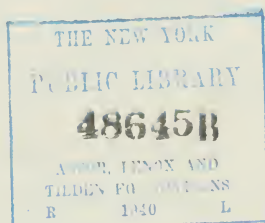
M. H. Bentley



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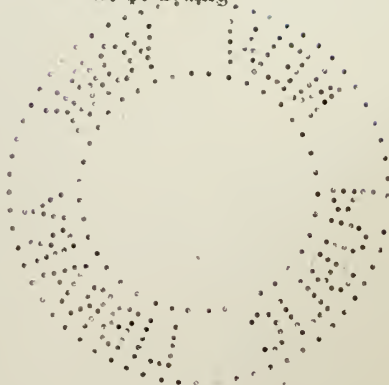
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By

M. H. Bentley



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DEDICATION.

To those noble men and women—missionaries, educators and others—whose Christian lives and labors have made the writing of such a book possible, this volume is respectfully and affectionately dedicated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the hearty co-operation of friends in the preparation of the present volume. Three or four chapters are published as received. In other instances, only a slight amount of editing was necessary. Besides those whose names are appended to their articles, the following supplied material for one or more sketches: Dr. R. H. Graves, Dr. H. Corbett, Dr. J. Macgowan, Dr. J. Ross, Dr. R. T. Bryan, Dr. H. V. Noyes, Rev. J. H. Meadows, Miss Helen Davies, Miss J. G. Evans, Rev. J. E. Shoemaker, Rev. W. R. Hunt and Dr. Ashmore. Assistance was also rendered by Dr. A. P. Parker, Rev. W. N. Bitton, Rev. T. Richard, Rev. J. Stevenson, Dr. Griffith John, Dr. Christie and others.

W. P. B.

PREFACE.

The China of to-day is ignorant of her chief glory—the strong and beautiful Christian characters of some of her children.

To make their acquaintance has been to us a source of delight and inspiration.

We thought the world ought to know of these—some of the choicest spirits of Christian annals; while the church will rejoice in the renewed evidence of the growing strength of Christianity, and the saving power of divine truth.

W. P. B.



A RURAL SCENE.

CHAPTER I.

CH'EN TA-YUNG,
GATEKEEPER, PREACHER, MARTYR.

I.

"Six packages of incense,"

"Two cakes of soap,"

"One block of soda," said little Ch'en, reading off the sales of a recent purchase to the head bookkeeper of the store in which he was employed.

"Anything else?" inquired the bookkeeper.

"Nothing," answered Ch'en, his attention fixed upon a group of people on the opposite side of the street, and then added:

"The devil's coming."

This last remark was caused by a missionary bookseller emerging from the crowd and walking toward the store.

Young Ch'en was a country lad, born a few li outside the southeast gate of Peking. Like most Chinese boys, he had been taught to read some of the Chinese primers, and then employed in this incense store on Hua'rh Shih, that his scant wages might help to swell the small income of the family, and thus enable them to "pass the days," which is about all an ordinary Chinese family expects.

Ch'en was a short, plump, round-faced, good-

natured, honest boy who enjoyed a good conscience and—two meals a day. He was fond of a joke, but fond also of his books, and there was an uncertain twinkle in his eyes as he watched the approach of the missionary, though not a twinkle of mischief. The man had books.

“Have you seen any of these books?” asked the newcomer as he entered the store.

“No, what are they?”

“I have various kinds. Here is the ‘Entrance to Virtue and Knowledge’; ‘Glad Tidings,’ and ‘Evidences of Christianity,’” said he as he spread out a variety of books and pamphlets upon the counter.

Both salesman and proprietor were interested in the books as well as the man, and began plying him with questions about himself, his books and his teachings, which was, of course, the object he sought.

Young Ch'en bought a book.

II.

A few days later, Ch'en was present at the Sunday services of the London Mission.

In a conversation with the missionary he said he had read the book, which, by a series of cross-questioning, appeared very evident. He had not only read, but made himself master of its contents.

“I am deeply interested in this doctrine,” he said.

“Indeed,” said the missionary, “I am glad to hear it.”

“I should like to get some more books,” Ch’en continued; on which the missionary selected for him such books as would give him an intelligent idea of the elementary principles of Christianity. These he took with him, and for some months he was a regular attendant at the Sunday services.

His interest in this new doctrine had not affected all his friends as it had the missionary. The inmates of two homes and a business house regarded the matter very differently. They could say nothing in opposition to his reading the books, for he gave no occasion for offense by his conduct, nevertheless his parents and the parents of the girl to whom he was betrothed—members of the Li family—were not well-pleased that their son and prospective son-in-law should exhibit such a fondness for the teachings of the foreign devil.

This, however, did not affect Ch’en. He was not easily influenced. When his mind was made up, it was not easily unmade. He continued to study, continued to go to church, asked to join on probation, and when this period was ended, young Ch’en was baptized.

III.

Each step taken by the young man increased the opposition in his own family. His mother was especially bitter against him, and yet she dare not express it too openly, for she did not want to

break with her son. She proposed to consummate his marriage, thinking that by giving him something different to think about, she would wean him from this strange doctrine. To this he was not loth, and especially as, only a short time previously, a foreigner, in consideration of certain services Ch'en had rendered him, had presented him with one hundred taels of silver, because of which he gave up his position in the store and entered the London Mission school.

When the matter of his marriage was fully settled, Ch'en announced his determination to be married according to the Christian ceremony.-

A storm arose in his home. His mother was furious. Ch'en was filial but firm, and when the storm had spent its force, it left a young couple very happy, but without a home, for young Ch'en was married according to the Christian ceremony.

IV.

But married life and school life could not be pursued together without a bank account, and as Ch'en was not at liberty to put away his wife—and be it understood he did not wish to do so—he found it necessary to forego further study in school.

It so happened that the Methodist Mission, which was then being established in the city, was in need of a servant, and, on inquiry of some friends of young Ch'en, they were told that they were welcome to him if they could get him to do anything,

which was more than they of the London Mission were able to accomplish. Not that he was lazy—Ch'en was never lazy—but he had a constitutional indisposition to leave his books. He was willing to do anything if only that thing was studying books, and either because the newcomers were in desperate straits, or because they approved of such a disposition in a young man, they concluded to try him.

They first took him as a house servant, but in this capacity Ch'en was a failure. He could eat food, but he could not cook it, and the office of "boy" was too much like woman's work—"never done." He had so approved himself to them, however, that they concluded to try him in another and more responsible position, and so young Ch'en was installed as gatekeeper.

V.

This was a position exactly suited to the man and the man to the position—at least, for the time. Here was an important office connected with which there was no duty, except to see that there was "no admittance except on business," which Ch'en was careful to attend to. He had ample opportunity to converse with all classes, educated and uneducated, on the subject which lay nearest his heart, which subject was the gospel, for no office furnishes a better opportunity for preaching than an Oriental gatehouse. Ch'en magnified his office, and fur-

nished evidence that only the most faithful character should occupy the gatehouse of the foreign missionary.

A new idea began to take form in the mind of Ch'en that his position in life was not to be gatekeeper in the mission compound, but "gatekeeper in the house of the Lord"—and he attacked his books with renewed vigor. He determined that sometime he would be a preacher of the gospel.

There were obstacles, however, in the way. The first and greatest of these was that his wife could not read, and while she was a helpmeet to him in his home, unless she learned to read, she would be a hindrance to him as a preacher. How was this difficulty to be overcome? He brought the matter to his wife's attention in the hope that she would suggest that she could learn to read. This solution she, however, studiously avoided, and after broadly hinting the possibility of such a method, but to no purpose, he suggested:

"Perhaps you could learn to read."

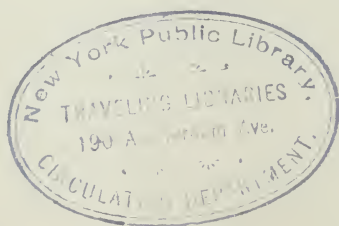
No, Mrs. Ch'en could not learn to read. She had too many family cares, too many duties, too much work, she was too old, it would not be of any use to her, she did not want to read.

Now, Ch'en was too wise a man to pursue an idea to a final conclusion without giving time for reflection, and especially with his wife. There was no hurry; time was not an important element in life. He always put his ideas to soak.

The matter came up again, and Mr. Ch'en urged



PASTOR CH'EN'S THIRD SON, CH'EN WEI-P'ING, WIFE AND CHILDREN.



that at least she study the catechism. Mrs. Ch'en was not inclined to do so. She saw, however, that her husband was intent upon it, and a look of uncertainty appeared upon her face. But while she thought about the matter, she determined not to submit without a struggle.

Once more the matter came up. Mr. Ch'en was the descendant of a people who have believed for forty centuries that it is the duty of the wife to obey her husband. Indeed, at that time, the church he had left and the church he had entered, alike compelled their women to promise at the marriage altar to obey their husbands; but Mr. Ch'en preferred to rule by moral suasion rather than by command or by force. Nevertheless, as he had tried hinting, suggesting and urging, he mildly ordered her to study the catechism. His order was too mild. Mrs. Ch'en did not do so. He added vigor to his command, but still without result, and when all the methods had failed, Mr. Ch'en took his wife out into a vacant garden where no one could hear, see or tell, and whipped her until she promised to study the catechism.

And the recording angel with a tear blotted out the record made against Mr. Ch'en for his inhuman conduct, because of his ignorance, his earnestness, and the good results which sprang therefrom, for Ch'en was doing his best to become a preacher.

VI.

When he was installed as gatekeeper, he did not

cease to be a student. He studied divinity in the gatehouse, which he transformed into a theological school as well as a "gospel hall." He preached in the street chapel, in the school, in the home, everywhere, as the following quotations from the mission history testify:

"Thus far, only one has made a profession of Christianity in the North China Mission. His name is Ch'en Cheng Mei, and he is the father of our gatekeeper, an old man nearly sixty years of age, formerly by occupation a shoemaker."

Turning over two leaves in the history, we read again, that

"The rite of baptism was administered to Wen Hui and Yang Su, whose probations have been satisfactorily passed. They stood at the altar, representatives of widely different classes, the former a literary graduate of the second degree, a Manchu Tartar, and belonging to the Imperial army; the latter a type of the laboring class.* The former received his religious impressions while employed as teacher of the boys' school, while the latter was our only trophy of the unsuccessful attempt to purchase the temple in the Southern City. We failed to get the place, but we trust a soul was secured for heaven. The chief credit of bringing forward these two converts is to be given to Ch'en Ta-Yung, whose studious habits and blameless life have of late given us reason to hope that he may yet find

*Although that was thirty years ago, the latter is gatekeeper in the compound in Peking since the Boxer trouble.

his proper sphere in the field of the ministry. Already his aged father has taken his place as gate-keeper, and his time has been more exclusively given to study and work as an exhorter."

In this connection we are still told that "in the summer of 1873, a man named Wang Tui-fu* having the degree of Hsiu Tsai, and belonging to the village of An Chia Chuang, in Shantung, distant from Peking 400 miles, was in the capital preparing to enter the examinations for the degree of Chu-Run. Meantime he happened into our chapel on Hai Ta Men (Great Street), was interested in the word preached, came again and again, made the acquaintance of Ch'en Ta-Yung, and soon presented himself as a candidate for probation."

"In February, 1874, it was decided to send a letter of greeting to the little church in Hsiu An, from their brethren in Peking. Accordingly the letter was written and entrusted to Ch'en Ta-Yung, now acting as native preacher with the rank of student helper, who, in the mission cart with Yang Su, carried it thither, and remained a day or two preaching and exhorting."

Such are the first records about Ch'en. In this traveling from place to place, it not infrequently happened that scholars came to the inn and tried to enter into discussion with Ch'en as to the relative virtues of Confucianism and Christianity. After

*The story of this family is the most interesting of the North China Mission converts.

one such discussion the missionary said to him, "You are not an educated man."

"No," said Ch'en, "I am not."

"How is it that you do not fear to enter into discussions with these scholars?"

"Oh," said Ch'en, "I just stick to the Bible, and I know more about that than they do."

Ch'en had in reality become a preacher—one who feared not the scholar nor despised the coolie.

VII.

"Ma-Li, the girl who was born on the first day of the first month."

"Poor child, poor child; ai ya! ai ya!"

This was the ejaculation of Ch'en's mother when his first baby was born.

It was a girl. It was born on the first day of the first month—New Year's Day. The old woman was superstitious. She predicted that he would have nothing but girls in his family. He would have bad luck all his life. First day, first month, first child a girl. Ai ya! Ai ya! Ch'en was sanguine and satisfied, and called the little girl Mary, or, as he pronounced it, Ma-Li.

The old lady continued to sigh, the baby continued to grow, until she was pronounced by all who saw her, the most beautiful Chinese baby they had ever seen, and Ch'en continued to preach. It aggravated his mother that he was not disturbed

by this stroke of ill luck, and when the next baby came—which was a boy—the old woman only shook her head, and remarked that it would take more than one boy to avert the calamity of having your first baby a girl, born on the first day of the first month.

Ch'en, however, continued to pursue his soul-saving work, read omnivorously, prayed fervently, cracked an unusual number of jokes, called his boy John, and waited for the next baby—which was a boy.

Again the old woman sighed. Ch'en called his second boy Jacob, and as beautiful little Mary was growing to be a big girl, he began to teach her to read the catechism. As the little girl repeated it she sometimes made mistakes. But her mother sitting by, making a pinafore, was always able to correct them from memory. And the next baby was a boy.

Now, when this third boy came, the old lady sighed much more faintly than before. But it was not until the fifth child was born, which was also a boy—as were the sixth and seventh—that she finally gave up her superstition that the first baby, if a girl, and born on New Year's Day, will bring bad luck to a Christian home.

And little Mary grew up an educated woman, married a doctor, and has two little boys and two little girls as beautiful as herself. While Ch'en continued steadfastly in his work of soul-saving.

VIII.

"Your turn to remain at home to-day," said Pastor Ch'en to his third son, Wei-pi'ng, a boy of nine, as the family were starting to church.

"Very well," said the boy.

"I shall expect you to repeat this portion of Matthew without a single error, when we return," he continued as he locked the door of the small room, leaving the child on the inside. As he passed out of the court he locked the gate as he had the door, the children the while calling to their brother not to get lonesome.

This might seem harsh treatment for a lad of nine, did we not remember that in China a house is never quite safe alone, and the only way to be certain that the boy would not run away or burn the house down, was to lock him in and give him something which would keep him employed, and what better on Sunday than committing a portion of the Gospel? *

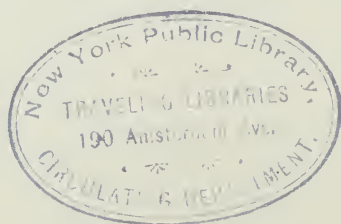
Mr. Ch'en was not one of those who set himself to preach so much gospel and rest from his labors. He was not satisfied when he had preached to strangers. His wife, children, parents, claimed a portion of his time. When the children were home from school during their summer vacation, it was

* There were characters in the chapter with which he was not familiar, and his oldest brother, John, and Edward K. Lowry climbed over the wall and told him what the characters were, leaving before Mr. Ch'en's return. This conduct was so nearly being mischievous that it lent interest to the task.



MA-LI, HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

The girl who was born on the first day of the first month.



their custom to have two meals a day, the one in the morning at nine, and the other in the afternoon at four. After breakfast they were set to studying the Scriptures.

A definite task was assigned them, for which, if they recited without a mistake, they received ten large cash. For every character they missed, one cash was deducted. If they missed many characters, they were given extra time to review without loss of reward, and with the money thus earned, they were allowed to buy cakes for their lunch at noon-day. This training produced good results. When Number 3 graduated from college and had an offer of forty dollars a month in business, he refused it, and accepted a salary of two and a half dollars a month as a preacher of the gospel beyond the Great Wall.

WEI-PING AND FAMILY.

When the Allies arrived in Peking, this same young man was employed as an interpreter on a salary of ninety dollars a month. But as soon as the remains of his scattered church could be brought together and a hall secured—for his church had been destroyed—he gave up his position as interpreter, and entered upon his work as preacher on a salary one-tenth of what he was then receiving.

Number 4 followed in his footsteps. He proved to be one of the best English-speaking students the college had ever graduated. He was offered, and accepted, a position in the Imperial Customs ser-

vice, where his salary was: First year, per month, \$15; second year, \$20; third year, \$25; with opportunity to double this amount as teacher or translator.

After having passed the examinations and secured the position, he regretted what he had done, sent in his resignation, and became a teacher in the college, where his salary was only five dollars a month.

After a few months the great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, asked him to teach English to his two grandsons, two hours a day, for which he promised him thirty-five dollars per month. He did so, but not until he had obtained permission from his principal, and when he received the money, he put it in the school fund for the education of a student, and continued to work for his former salary.

Ch'en did not neglect the souls of his children in his efforts to save the souls of strangers.

IX.

“Do not worry as to what you are to do for a living. Finish your college course and trust the Lord. The Lord will provide for the man who does his duty.”

This was Ch'en's answer to his children when they indicated anxiety as to how they were to make a living. Mrs. Ch'en was desirous to economize, and in this she exhibited peculiar ingenuity.

The matter of heating a Chinese house with its

paper windows and brick floors, in a latitude of forty degrees, on a salary of five dollars a month, and provide sufficient food for the family, is one which might claim the attention of a wiser economist than Mrs. Ch'en. On a cold winter's day when the foreign physician called at the Ch'en home, she found the infant in a sand-bag. On inquiring the reason, Mrs. Ch'en explained that sand was much more easily kept clean than cloth, and that when the sand was once warmed, it would retain the heat all day, and thus there was no difficulty in keeping the infant warm even in cold weather in a Chinese house.

She advised all her children to bring up their children in the sand-bag. Mrs. Ch'en's method will hardly commend itself to European parents, but be it said in Mrs. Ch'en's favor that of her ten children, none died in infancy, and nine were living when the Boxer movement began. They are without extravagant ideas, are strong mentally, physically and spiritually, and, as we have indicated, Ch'en's two sons who have graduated have engaged in religious work on salaries one-tenth what they could be getting in business, while his fifth son, now in college, promises to be equally self-sacrificing and useful.

X.

"You must leave here at once and flee to the mountains," urged the members of Ch'en's church

during the Boxer movement, when they heard of the murder of Christians in other places, and learned of the disturbed condition of the surrounding country.

"No," answered Ch'en; "I will not leave until all the members of my flock are hidden away."

On June 5, after the close of the conference held in Peking, Ch'en had taken his wife and his youngest son and daughter, both of whom were in school, and started for his appointment at Ch'ing Chou, outside the Great Wall.

On July 22 the crisis came. The Christians had repeatedly urged him to leave. They were familiar with the surrounding country, and told him of the best places in the mountains where he and his family could hide with the greatest prospect of security, and when they finally succeeded in persuading him to leave, they sent the chapel-keeper to show him the way. When three miles from the city, they were met by a man who inquired, "Who are you?"

"I am the preacher in Yeu Ching Chou."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains."

The man hurried back to the village and informed the Boxers that a group of Christians were fleeing to the mountains. The Boxer chief, followed by his rabble, at once pursued, and soon overtook them. After asking the same questions the other had, he continued:

"Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Ch'en, and gave them what he had.

"Throw down your clothing and bedding."

Ch'en did so, and, turning to the rabble, the chief said, "Now I am through with them, you may do as you like."

His little daughter, whom they called Apple—not an ordinary apple, but the best variety known in the north—ran screaming to her mother's arms, from which retreat she saw the savage Boxers and the irresponsible rabble kill and behead her father, the chapel-keeper, and her brother, a boy as generous and noble as any of the three already mentioned, the while she in childish fear cried out, "Oh, mother, what shall we do! What shall we do!"

"We will all go to our heavenly Father together," said the old woman; her faith never failing her to the last, and she and her beautiful baby daughter of thirteen were hacked to pieces, locked in each other's arms, and—

Ch'en entered the list of martyrs, a hero in his death, as he had been in life.

XI.

It was some months later when the third son visited the place and gathered up the bones of his loved ones, their bodies having been burned, to give them proper burial. The skulls, however, were nowhere to be found. Five months later, these were found by some of the villagers and placed with the others in the family burying-ground.

Was the young man's heart filled with bitterness and resentment, as he looked upon the remains of those he loved? Let the following request testify:

"I should like to go to that church and preach the gospel to those who murdered my parents," said he with the simplicity of a child.

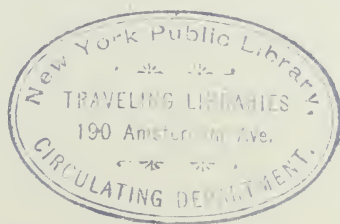
When the matter of indemnity for native Christians was brought up for consideration, the officials would gladly have paid any bill the young man would have put in. All the property his father had, had been taken, and seven children had been left orphans. But when asked what indemnity he wanted, his answer was, "We are not in need; we do not want indemnity."

Ch'en's investment of influence in his sons and daughters is appearing in the form of the noblest Christian character and self-sacrificing service.

ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND.



PASTOR CH'EN'S FOURTH SON, CH'EN WEI-CH'ENG.



CHAPTER II.

CHAI GEE,

A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.

Chai Gee was small, but his appearance was striking enough. The first thing you noticed was that his were not Chinese eyes, not "almond shaped," with that straight Mongolian upper line, but regular in form, of a rich, lustrous hazel color, and beautifully transparent. His manner was soft and gentle, even timid, and there was a lack of self-consciousness. The impression was one of delicacy and refinement. This winsomeness never left him, but as a preacher he was peculiarly distinguished for fervor and power. The transformation of a petty farmer into a veritable Boanerges must now be told.

He held a few Chinese acres which he had inherited from his father. On this land was a hillock. Geomancers had declared that the feng-shui (luck) of this hill was very superior, and that whoever had his tombstone upon it, would thereby insure good luck to all his posterity. The knoll was coveted by a rich neighbor, who offered Chai Gee a small sum for it. This was naturally declined, whereupon the rich man took it by force. It was a case of Naboth's vineyard in Chinese dress. The rich man

sent workmen, who cleared the ground and set up a tombstone. Chai Gee was desperate, and, although helpless in the presence of the workmen, he went at night-time and threw down the tombstone. For this the rich man had him arrested and thrown into prison. The venial magistrate was bribed, and favored the rich man. After a time the tomb was rebuilt, and Chai Gee was liberated. No sooner was he free than he again destroyed the stone, the symbol of his oppression. He was again arrested, and this time he was not to be released until he agreed to let the rich man have the ground. And to make assurance doubly sure, he was, in the usual Chinese fashion, chained. He was in despair. The sense of wrong suffered goaded him to madness. He refused to have his hair cut, and went in and out of the prison yard looking like a maniac. He declared that he would go in that garb of mourning to the end of his days, unless he got his case redressed.

Thus weeks and months passed away. One day a sudden impulse seized him. He lifted up his eyes toward heaven and prayed. "O God in heaven, if there is a God, help me to break this chain and escape from this prison. You see how I am wronged. Hear me, and help me, I pray you, O God in heaven." He began to wrench the chain with the strength of a madman, and lo! the links parted, and he was free. The links in these chains are often not welded, but, however we may explain the fact, he felt that Heaven had released him.

He watched his opportunity and slipped out of the yard with a piece of chain dangling at each wrist. From that time he became a wanderer. He ventured home only at intervals, and at the dead of night. He roamed the country, begging food. Sometimes he got work. But he had constantly to elude his persecutors.

The wronged and wretched outcast one evening wandered by a chapel where a native evangelist was preaching. In the course of his discourse, he frequently spoke of "the living God in heaven." Chai Gee was startled. "Why," said he, "that is the God that helped me." He was stirred to the depths of his soul. He became an "inquirer," and a regular attendant at chapel services, and soon declared himself a believer. He was full of an unspeakable delight. He now went to a barber and had his head shaved, and took pains to make his shabby clothes appear as respectable as possible.

His few friends were, naturally, astonished at the change.

"You have shaved and dressed yourself again. Have you got back your land?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "but I have found something worth a myriad farms. I have found the living God and his Son Jesus Christ, and am an heir to possessions worth more than the whole world."

He thought no more of his farm. He came before the church, and told his story with streaming eyes, and was baptized. At once he began to tell his story to all who would listen. His fervor was re-

markable. Some called him "poor, crazy Chai," because he talked so constantly of his imperishable inheritance, which no rich man or mandarin could take away from him. But he was moved by such an intense conviction that, through him, many of these scoffers were afterward converted.

He was now wanted as a helper, on account of his many fine qualities. But he was illiterate. He became a student, and with such diligence that he was very soon reading his New Testament for himself.

He increased in wisdom. His spiritual insight was marked and profound. He was the John of his group of preachers. Year by year he became more scholarly, and at the same time more devout and earnest, until a falling timber from a house under construction brought his promising career to a sudden end.

Chai Gee realized the highest conceptions of a capable, consecrated, indefatigable and tactful evangelist. In season and out he was busy about the Master's business. He was never idle. Studying, teaching, preaching, he became a model to his fellows. He had an impulsive nature, and he often preached with a vehemence that was really tremendous.

He was fond of speaking of the love of Christ, and as, in soft and subdued tones, he expatiated on that wondrous theme, his soul was greatly moved and his beautiful brown eyes became liquid.

Another favorite theme was "The Majesty and

Grandeur of the Almighty." So impressive and commanding was he when on this and some other themes, that scoffers fairly quailed before him. "Do you not tremble before the mighty God who thunders in the heavens, and who can send destruction upon you in a moment? Do you defy his power?" Then the onslaught wound up with a loving and kindly appeal. In the combination of these two styles lay his power, for a powerful preacher he surely was.

An incident will illustrate his character. Across the bay was a village which had a bad reputation for piracy, and violence generally. To this village he proposed to go and preach. The dangers were pointed out to him. But he said God would take care of him. So he went, and preached. But when the last passenger boat had arrived, Chai Gee was not among the passengers. It was feared he had been captured and would be held for ransom. But the next morning he appeared, and with an interesting story.

He had preached all day. In the evening he was thus engaged, with a crowd around him. Suddenly there was a commotion. A rough and savage-looking man pushed his way through the throng, crying, "Let me! let me!" The crowd divided before his violence, and he stood before Chai Gee. He had a woodcleaver in his hand. Raising it, he said, "You dare to speak that accursed name again, and I will split your head open." The people, frightened, stood back. So they faced each other,

the young preacher, and the savage man with his cleaver. Chai Gee silently prayed to God. He then began slowly and softly, "My friend, I can tell you about a person who hated this doctrine worse than you do, and went about killing people because they believed it." This introduction aroused the curiosity of the man. He listened. Then Chai Gee told the story of Saul of Tarsus. The cleaver dropped. The man was greatly interested. And in a few minutes the name of Jesus was being mentioned over and over again. The crowd closed around. The man slipped away after a time, and Chai Gee continued for some time to pour out the vehemence of his soul.

But by this he missed the last boat. What should he do? He must go to an inn. One was pointed out to him. On the way he passed a dooryard. To his consternation, he there saw the man with the cleaver, splitting wood. His first impulse was to run. He did not do so, but quickened his pace. Suddenly the man called out, "Where are you going?"

"I have missed my boat, and am seeking an inn for the night."

"You need go no farther," said the man, the tiger growl all gone out of his voice. "Stay here. I will take good care of you, give you something to eat, and a place to sleep."

Chai Gee, fearing treachery, hesitated, but, seeing no escape, finally accepted. He was allowed to preach the gospel in the house, and the next morn-

ing was sent on his way, the man refusing to accept any compensation for his hospitality.

Chai Gee closed the narrative with: "You see how God took care of me. Ah! I can trust him when in danger."

CHAPTER III.

PASTOR WONG YUK CH'Ō,

AN HONORED PROPHET.

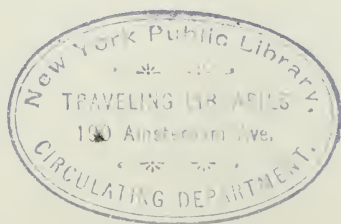
The storms of wind and rain, snow and hail which beat upon the young oak do but root it more securely in the ground, and cause it to take firmer hold of the soil, and to spread its branches more widely to the sun and air, until those who have not watched its growth wonder at its massive strength and giant branches. So is it with men. There are some men who make us marvel by the way in which they tower above their fellows, and stand firm and undaunted in the midst of storms and trials, strong in faith, nothing wavering.

Such a man is Pastor Wong Yuk Ch'ŏ, of the London Mission Independent Church in Hongkong: a man whose strong, rugged face, spare figure, and faithful, dauntless speech remind one often of Elijah the prophet. No visionary dreamer he, but a man of broad mind, great intelligence, deep earnestness, far-seeing vision, and acute spiritual perception; a man who lives near to God, and fears not the face of man.

Pastor Wong Yuk Ch'ŏ is also a most true-hearted patriot, who weeps over his country's shame, and prays and labors incessantly for her reformation



PASTOR WONG-YUK-CH'O, AN HONORED PROPHET.



from within. His sermons are full of deep thought and spiritual truth, and yet intensely practical, and suited to the needs of the hour. As we listen to his earnest words, and watch his faithful, patient life and work, and hear his many schemes for the advancement of his people, we wonder at the man. But when we learn the story of his life, we wonder no longer. He has been deeply taught of God, and is indeed "rooted and grounded in him," all the more firmly by reason of the many storms of trial and persecution which have passed over his head.

His life's story will be best told in his own simple words, as nearly as possible.

"I belong," said Pastor Wong, "to the Kwong-Tung Province, the Tung-Kun Department, and the town of Fu-Mun. My father was born in 1817, and was baptized in 1847 by Pastor Gutzlaff. I myself was born in 1843. In 1850 my father moved into the San-On district, to the village of Fuk-Wing, where I was baptized by Pastor Lobschied, of the Rhenish Mission, at the age of seven. I was afterwards sent to Pastor Genhaer to school. In 1858, because of fighting in the neighborhood, my father sent us back to Fu-Mun, while he himself remained alone at his post in Fuk-Wing. He was seized by the soldiers and taken to the village of Sha-Tsing, and imprisoned in the Ancestral Hall, while the soldiers outside were dividing the spoils which they had looted, intending afterwards to take my father to Canton to claim the reward for a captured Christian. While this was going on, my father in-

side the hall was silently praying that God would save him. After a little while, a young man came in, and led my father out *in face of the soldiers*, and past them! but they were so occupied with their booty that not one of them saw him, and he got safely away."

Amid such danger and strife was the little lad brought up.

"In 1860, while I was in Hongkong with Pastor Lobschied, at the Berlin Foundling House, one night I suddenly saw my mother standing before me. The next day I was troubled and anxious about her, and on the third day I received a letter from home, telling me that my mother had died on the very night on which I saw her.

"After a visit home, my father brought me again to Hongkong to study under Pastor Genhaer. Later on, Pastor Genhaer moved into the Kwai-Shin Department to preach and to teach, and, because I was stupid and did not care for books, he advised my father to put me to learn a trade. This also I was unwilling to do, so that my father became very sad about me, and spent many hours in earnest prayer on my behalf."

The downrightness and steadfastness of the man, then only a youth of eighteen, comes out very strongly in the next sentence.

"In 1861 I decided to study and become a preacher of the gospel."

From that time he never wavered, but went

steadily forward in the chosen path of duty, in the face of many hindrances.

"In 1863 I had threatenings of disease of the lungs. In 1864 there was a terrible epidemic of cholera in the Kwai-Shin district, where I was studying. Pastor Genhaer was himself far from well, but he labored night and day, toiling anxiously among the sick and the dying, helping, healing and praying. Then he took a poor Chinese woman, ill of cholera, and cast out by her friends, into his own house, and ministered to her there with his own hands. That night his own eldest son fell ill with cholera, and to him also Pastor Genhaer ministered, until the next morning he himself was unable to rise, smitten with the same deadly sickness. He called for me to come and help him and his son in their sore need. That same afternoon both the pastor and his son died, and most of the scholars fled in terror. Thank God, although my brother and I did everything that could be done for both the pastor and his son, until God took them (and also for another sick in the house), and afterwards prepared their bodies for burial, we were kept perfectly well and free from sickness, while very many of those who fled in fear were taken ill, and many of them died."

A simple record of faithful heroism and fearless devotion.

"In 1865 Pastor Krolezyk asked me to go to Shek-Sung to preach, and in 1866 Pastor Faber asked me to go to Fu-Mun to teach and to preach. In

1867, having married, I went back to Shek-Sung to teach and to preach. That same year my lung trouble came back upon me.

"In 1868 I was sent back to Fu-Mun, where my eldest daughter was born in 1869. I afterwards took my family to Tung-Kun City to be with my father, while I returned to Fu-Mun.

"In 1870 there were reports spread about Tung-Kun City that my father was using medicinal powder to delude women into entering the church; and because of these false reports my father and step-mother, my wife and child were placed in extreme peril. Some one came to Fu-Mun with the news, and told me that he could not say whether my people were dead or alive. I set off immediately for Tung-Kun City. On the passage-boat I preached the gospel, and discussed it with my fellow-passengers."

Very characteristic this of the man. His own sore anxiety he put on one side that he might bring his Master's message to souls that day.

"That day the wind was contrary, and because I was in sore haste, I got off the boat half way up the river, that I might take a shorter route to Tung-Kun City on foot."

That this seeming delay, through contrary winds, was only the "good hand of God" upon him, he afterwards learned.

"When I got to the city, I found the chapel torn down, and saw my stepmother's, sister's and wife's clothes and bound-foot shoes hanging on the ruined

walls, while those who passed were discussing how that my father had deluded both large and small footed women to enter the church in great numbers. I could not find out where my people were, or what had become of them; so I went back to Shek-Sung, and thence to Canton, seeking some trace of them. In Canton I learned what perils they had met with, and how they had been wondrously delivered.

“My little daughter, A Tsing (now head teacher of the London Mission Training Home for Chinese Girls in Hongkong), was then about six months old. One of the rioters snatched her up, and was intending to dash her to the ground, when, thank God, instead of crying at such rude handling, the baby laughed in his face. A man standing by said to the would-be murderer, ‘How can you have such a hard heart as to kill a laughing child like that? You had better give her to me.’ This man was a friend of my father’s whom he had healed. He thus saved the baby from the hands of these cruel men, and gave her back to my people, whom he also contrived to help escape to Canton and thence to Fu-Mun.”

The baby saved that day from death has done many years’ good work for the Master, and, please God, will do many more yet.

“A soldier who was known to my father, said to him afterwards, ‘What times are these that your son must needs discuss the gospel on passage-boats? That day on the passage-boat going to Tung-Kun there were a number of rowdies, who, hearing him

speaking the gospel, decided among themselves that as soon as he left the boat at the end of the journey, they would beat him to death. Fortunately, your son got off the boat half way up the river, and was thus saved.'

"That year my lung affection increased so much that the Rhenish Missionary Society set me free from my duties to see what complete rest would do for me. My father was very anxious about me, and spent long hours in prayer for my recovery, getting up long before daylight to plead that God would spare my life. At that time I was in Fuk-Wing nursing myself, and my wife and family were again in Tung-Kun City with my father.

"In 1871 the report about the medicinal powder was again spread abroad, and all through the district chapels were destroyed. The rioters were determined to get hold of my father this time, and put him to death, but again a way of escape was wondrously made.

"Just at that time, Pastor Krolezzyk and Pastor Nacken went from Canton to Shek-Sung, and sent for my father to meet them there, that they might discuss with him whether it was advisable for them to go on to Tung-Kun City or not. My father had only just left for Shek-Sung, when the rioters surrounded the chapel, and began to destroy and loot. A friend of my father, hearing what was going on, rushed to the place, brought out the women and the children, and took them in safety to Canton. My father, on landing from the passage-boat, on his

return from Shek-Sung, heard at the landing that the chapel had been destroyed, so he took a by-road to the city. Half way there he met some of the rioters with their booty. One of the men recognized my father, and wished to take him and throw him into the river. But God intervened, and another man said, 'You have already taken all the man's goods. What is the use of killing him now?' and thus was my father saved. Having reached a small village, he sought out a friend there, but his friend dare not shelter him many hours, and at midnight led him out of the village and put him on the road to Canton. Afterwards in Hongkong he met with this same friend, who told him that, not long after he left, the village rowdies came in a great crowd to the house and demanded that my father should be brought out to them, saying that he had put magical powder in the wells. When told that he was not there, they would not believe it, and so threatened the man that he was obliged to flee to Hongkong for safety. At that time, I was myself in Fuk-Wing for the sake of my health. When I heard that my family had been obliged to take refuge in Hongkong, I went there at once, and found that the climate agreed with me so well that I asked the Rhenish Mission if they would give me work to do there.

"In 1873 Pastor Klitzke asked me to go to the Berlin Foundling House to teach and to preach, and I thank God that from that time the disease of the lungs with which I had been troubled gradually left me entirely.

"In 1884, after I had been ordained a pastor, I was asked by the elders and congregation of the London Missionary Society's Independent Church in Hongkong to become their pastor, and, with the consent of the Rhenish Mission, I accepted the call."

Very generously the Rhenish Mission allowed Pastor Wong to sever the connection of a lifetime, and, recognizing with him the importance of the call—the wider sphere and larger opportunities—gave him up to his new work for the common Lord.

From that day to this Pastor Wong Yuk Ch'o has faithfully filled that post. In labors more abundant, he has never spared himself in anything that could in any way benefit his people, but has schemed and planned, and worked day and night for their welfare. In a place like Hongkong, where so many are birds of passage, a church can not grow in the same way as where there is a settled population growing up year after year, and generation after generation; its influence is more widely diffused and less concentrated. Also, in a port where East and West meet (too often in their lowest and worst aspects), the luxuries, temptations and vices are many, and work very adversely against the life of a church. But, in spite of these, and many other and great hindrances, the To-Tsai Church, under Pastor Wong, has been built up and strengthened, and has made very decided growth and progress, as those who have known it during that period can testify. Wherein it has not progressed has not been for the lack of

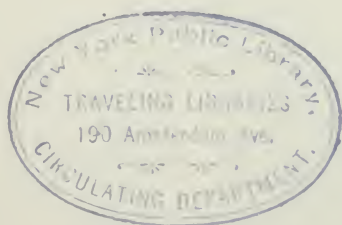
a most faithful and intelligent ministry of the word of God, by a most devoted pastor for seventeen years.

Pastor Wong is now fifty-nine years of age, and his aged father—still a power in the family councils—is hale and vigorous at eighty-five. The pastor has a family of six sons and three daughters living, and eight grandchildren. All of his children (except those who are still at school) are honorably occupying positions of trust and influence. The third and fourth sons, after brilliant careers in the Imperial College in Tientsin, have just been sent, at the expense of the Chinese Government, to America (and probably afterwards to Europe) for a period of four or five years' study—one of mining and surveying, the other of international law. The two eldest daughters are filling the posts of first and second teachers in the London Missionary Society's Training House for Chinese Girls, Hongkong.

Pastor Wong Yuk Ch'o has written three books. The first is a tractate on the reasons why the church is hated by the rulers; the second is an appeal from himself, as a Christian pastor, to the rulers to help their unhappy people to true reformation, in which appeal he also strives to give them a better understanding of Christianity; the third is a treatise on the reform necessary within the church to cause the gospel to spread far and wide through the country. He has also, with much thought and labor, designed a very wonderful and simple set of strokes, and

combinations of strokes, representing the *sounds* of the Chinese language, hoping in this way to overcome the prejudice of the people by making the reading of books an easy matter for the many instead of the few, and the wide diffusion of knowledge its consequent result. This new system of writing the sounds of the Chinese language (which can easily be mastered in from ten to fifteen days), along with other new systems of writing, the Emperor had ordered the Tsung Li Yamen to examine and present to him, just before the *coup d'état*, when a barrier was put for a time to all progress.

This earnest-hearted patriot, Pastor Wong, thus writes: "Alas that my country, although God, by his grace, has aroused her so many times, until this day is not yet thoroughly awakened! Perhaps she may be, even now, beginning to awake in reality. My hope is that Europe and America, the two great Christian continents, will not think only what profit they can get from China, but will also remember that the people of China are in great darkness and bitterness of soul, and also that the disciples of Christ suffer most of all. I pray that the people of these two great Christian continents, with their rulers, will devise some means of helping my country to true reformation, that she may leave the darkness and come into the light. I also pray that the Christian churches of all lands will carefully revise their methods that the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ may spread far and wide."





REV. Y. K. YEN, SHANGHAI, CHINA.

CHAPTER IV.

REV. Y. K. YEN, M. A.

The Rev. Yung Kiung Yen, M. A., known while in the States as Mr. Ngan Yoong Kiung, was born in Shanghai, in the year 1838, or, to be more exact, on the ninth day, first moon, nineteenth year of Tao Kwang. His father was a native of Amoy, and was engaged as manager of one of the numerous cotton hong's of his fellow-townsmen, located in the neighborhood of the Small East Gate. He was the third of five children, as his "milk name," San Doo, "the third great one," clearly indicated to his schoolmates, but he became the eldest child by the death of the two older brothers.

His early life seems to be clothed in mystery, but when he was nine years old he became a pupil at one of the day schools started by the American Church Mission under the first Bishop Boone. Notwithstanding his youthfulness, it is said that he was regarded with respect on account of his being the cleverest boy, in both English and Chinese. At the same time, as one of his old schoolmates tells us, "his mind was full of resources, and so he was ever ready to invent some innocent amusement for himself and his schoolmates in the vacations or recess hours. One favorite pastime was a mock Taoist

procession in which he would take the lead by wrapping himself in a bed sheet, his queue done up in a chignon, and the school bell in hand, with ten or a dozen boys similarly attired following him. . . . If a pet dog of the school died, Yen would organize a mock funeral *a la* Chinoise, with all its eclat and circumstance. . . . Taken on the whole, Yen enjoyed the hilarious exercises here just as much as an average undergraduate does in America, where subsequently he again found opportunities of gratifying his exuberant nature.

At the age of fifteen he went to the United States for a more thorough education. A Rev. Mr. Clemens, of Delaware, took him and a companion under his charge, and at his residence they remained two years, at the expiration of which his companion, Mr. Yang, returned to China.

Mr. Yen then went up to New York and matriculated at Anthon's Classical School, where he received a preparatory course prior to entering college. While there, and later, at college, the Sunday-school of the Church of the Ascension, whose rector was the Rev. Dr. G. Thurston Bedell, supplied him with funds for his expenses. When Dr. Bedell was consecrated Bishop of Ohio, Mr. Yen followed him to that State. There he became a student of Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio.

His college life was most happy. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity. As some one says, "Skating and swimming invigorated his body. On the campus he could swing the bat as

well as the next man, and in the debating society he was never at a loss for a repartee, and his parting salute was always resonant."

He graduated a bachelor of arts, but his *alma mater* conferred on him the master's degree a few years later.

He was in his twenty-third year when he returned to his mother land, then with the Tai-ping rebellion at its height. Being a kind of foster child of the mission, he naturally desired to enter its employ. Owing to the war in America, the mission was short of funds, and could not take on another worker. For this reason, and because he wished to assist in paying some family obligations, he accepted the position of interpreter to the British Consulate, after promising Bishop Boone that he would return to mission work after a few years. It need only be said that his earnings frequently amounted to three or four hundred taels per month, to show the ease with which men with a sound English education could make themselves wealthy in those days. He joined the firm of Hanbury & Co., subsequently, and finally became interpreter to the Municipal Council. While holding these responsible positions, so liable to grave abuses, his integrity would not permit him to soil his hands with unlawful gains. His single example is sufficient to quash that vicious, unreasonable affirmation of some foreigners that all Chinese are mendacious and dishonest. So appreciative was the Municipal Council of his services and character

that the members urged him to sign a contract continuing his position for a long period of years. His intention to join the mission was dormant, though not dead. As soon as the mission was in proper working order, he left the business world and became a candidate for holy orders under the Right Rev. C. M. Williams, the successor to Bishop Boone.

It is interesting and instructive to note that while he was in business, he was at the same time doing, at his own expense, charitable and missionary work. He was the patron of a day school, and identified himself with the clerical and pastoral duties of the Church of Our Saviour, in Shanghai.

Of his lifelong work in connection with the American Church Mission, the Rev. F. L. Hawks-Pott, D. D., says: "For twelve years he spent his energies in laying the foundation of the church's work at Wuchang and Hangkow. It was hard, up-hill work, and seemingly one that produced no great results. Many must have been the hours of discouragement, but through it all he showed the indomitable perseverance for which his countrymen are noted. It is pleasant to think that during his last days he was able to see some of the fruits of his labor, and the last article penned by him shows how he rejoiced at the changed aspect of missionary work, and how sanguine he felt in regard to the great Christian movement now making itself felt in China.

"Owing to money that he had invested when in

business, he was never entirely dependent upon the salary he received from the mission, and many times gave proof of the entire absence on his part of the spirit of self-seeking. At one time he had advanced the mission the sum of taels 1,000; when he discovered that it was difficult for them to repay it, he canceled the debt. At another time, when he was somewhat incapacitated for work, owing to an affection of the throat, he voluntarily relinquished his salary for a year. When he discovered that some of the Chinese in the employ of the mission felt grieved at his receiving higher pay than any other native worker, of his own free will he requested to have his salary reduced."

When St. John's College was founded, at Shanghai, Mr. Yen was called to serve on the faculty. For eight years he was associated with the work of this college, and had a part in the training of many who are now in the ministry of the church. The introduction of English into the curriculum was owing to his advice, and all through the history of the college he was always a warm supporter and a wise counselor. He was admirably fitted to be a teacher. In fact, his education rendered this line of work more congenial to him than that of an evangelist.

After eight years he was called to the pastorate of the Church of Our Saviour. Here he labored for the last twelve years, residing in the rectory adjoining the church. While in Shanghai he became associated with many projects for the evangeliza-

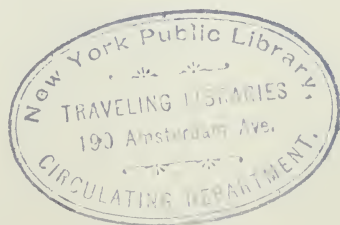
tion and enlightenment of his countrymen. He was prominent in several Christian movements, such as the Anti-opium Society, the Christian Endeavor, and the Chinese Tract Society, and was looked up to by Christians of all the Protestant denominations as one of their great leaders.

He did a great deal of valuable literary work. He did valuable work on the Prayer Book, in the Chinese literary style, and also translated various theological treatises. He also translated Spencer's book on education, Haven's "Mental Philosophy," and other works. Deeply impressed with the inadequacy of primary books in Chinese, he exhausted his ingenuity by first getting out a series of Chinese characters, for beginners. For more advanced pupils he prepared the "Ladder of Learning," in three volumes, and compiled "A History of China for Schools." Besides numerous tracts, he got out "An Outline of Christian Doctrine," in two volumes. To show that his literary work was not unappreciated by the Chinese, I have heard it remarked that "no library is complete without Mr. Yen's translations."

During the great activity of the Anti-opium Society in 1894, when Sir Thomas Brassey was appointed head of a commission to India to inquire into the harm and good (?) of the opium traffic, Mr. Yen was invited to go to England and expose the direful consequences of the baneful habit which he had himself witnessed in China, thus appealing directly to the English people from the accursed



CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, SHANGHAI, CHINA.



victims. He accepted the call most willingly, though it entailed on him a severe mental exertion and a tax on his physical strength. He was warmly welcomed everywhere, and even in university towns, where the element is as a rule boisterous, his discourses were politely listened to.

He crossed the Atlantic on completing his mission in Great Britain, and lectured throughout the East and South of the United States on the church in China. In the spring of 1898, when the Emperor, Kwang Hsu, was first converted to ideas of reform, a prominent missionary was entrusted by his Majesty to engage a tutor of English. His Majesty emphasized the fact that only a Chinese was acceptable. The missionary came to Shanghai, called on Mr. Yen, and stated his errand. It was no doubt a great honor, which he unfortunately was compelled to decline. His reasons were, first, the time for introducing English into his Majesty's course of education had not arrived, and, consequently, the desire of the Emperor would be checked or short-lived; second, he could not leave his mission. A third reason was, perhaps, the fact that he was not born to be a mandarin. Essentially democratic in his notions, it may safely be asserted that life would be a torture to him if he had to kneel three times and kowtow nine times whenever he came into the presence of the Son of Heaven!

His health began to fail after his trip around the world. He passed quietly away at the age of sixty years, in 1898. He received the holy com-

munion with all his family, shortly before he died. A day before his death, when he was almost unconscious, a friend whispered in his ear, "Trust in God," and his face immediately lighted up; raising his clasped hands, he muttered something as much as to say, "I know that well, thank God."

One of Mr. Yen's strongest characteristics was his sense of justice. In the case of the police roughly treating wheelbarrow coolies, or other harmless people, he often interfered to secure redress.

He worked hard to secure for Chinese the right to sit on the Municipal Council of Shanghai. And also the right to an entrance to the Public Gardens. In the latter case there was eventually set apart another garden for the use of Chinese.

Another of his characteristics was his self-respect. He would not force himself among people, but when he was properly invited he expected to be treated with adequate respect. He was methodical and systematic. He rose and retired at a certain hour.

His view of the spread of Christianity in China was not optimistic, but hopeful. In response to an attack upon missions, missionaries and their converts (*"Defensio Populi ad Populum"*), among other things he said: "For myself I do not expect any sudden evangelization, but it is not to be abandoned on that account. The present is the time for turning up the sod; the sowing and harvesting will surely come in time as they have in the West."

As to the writer's attack on the methods of the missionary, charging the church with only being able to receive the poor and ignorant, he answers: "This is true only in part; for as in the apostolic days, in Thessalonica and Berea, so now in China, while some converts are poor and ignorant, many are of the middle class, and honorable men and women are not a few. In Shanghai, which, by the way, can not be taken as a fair representative as regards education, there are four 'B. A.'s' out of a Protestant membership of five hundred. As regards the vicious and outcasts, the church did not in the first place receive them nor afterwards retain them *as such*, but as willing to lead better lives."

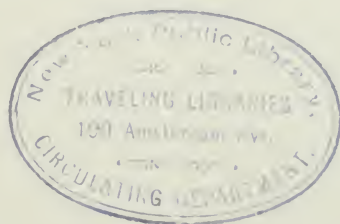
The rectitude and justice of his character manifested themselves when he was a mere lad. One of his schoolmates tells us that "in the 'fifties' there were between sixty and seventy boys in that mission school. They messed together in a large room with eight boys at each square table. A large tub of hot rice was placed in the middle of the room, and each boy with his bowl might take as much of it as he pleased. But the allowance of pork, fish and vegetables on the table must first be divided into eight portions before they could fall to, otherwise the voracious eaters might gobble up half the good things before the modest ones were ready to bring their chop-sticks into play! The 'carver' no one wished to be, because there were always some dissatisfied as to the equitableness of the division,

and besides, 'Who maketh you the "carver"?' Then Yen slammed the table by way of calling attention, and said, 'I propose that each of the eight at this table shall serve as carver one day by turn, and he shall have the remaining eighth part after the seven have all had their pick.' By this arrangement the carver must deal fairly and none could grumble. The plan was adopted and ever after carried out."

It has been truly said of Mr. Yen that "he was a faithful servant of his great Master. He was true to his friends, loving to his family and kind to all. He was a patriotic Chinaman. He was fond of reading, and was well abreast of the great questions of the day. He enjoyed a conversation on theology or science. He was acquainted with the ideas and arguments that are stirring the ranks of the orthodox, but he was firm in his faith and consistent in his teaching.

"His life was in every sense a heroic one. The great qualities that seemed to stand out pre-eminently were self-sacrifice, bravery, sincerity and faith. He gave up much for the cause of Christ; he boldly spake the truth in regard to his country and the moral needs of his countrymen. His faith in God was simple, strong and childlike. We can not see now all the results of the life he led and the work he did, but we know the world is richer from his having lived, and that his life has done more than we can measure for the advancement of the kingdom of God in China.

"W. W. YEN."





PENG LAN SENG.

REV. GRIFFITH JOHN, D. D.

REV. C. G. SPARHAM

CHAPTER V.

PENG LAN SENG, THE APOSTLE TO HUNAN.

Of the eighteen provinces of China, Hunan is not the least interesting. It is centrally located, has great wealth, and contains one of the five sacred mountains of the empire.

The people of Hunan are perhaps the most sincere, loyal, and, in a heathen sense, religious-minded of any of the peoples of China.

Marquis Tseng and Tsung Kwo Fang were both natives of this province. The former (the son) was China's most noted Minister to England, while the latter (the father) is regarded by the Chinese as the greatest man that has arisen in the empire for two hundred years.

When the great Taiping rebellion overran the country for so many years, this man so organized and defended his province that it was their proud boast that, of all the provinces, theirs suffered the least. From that time the Hunanese have regarded themselves as the men of iron, the backbone of the nation, and the most loyal of the people.

Missionaries had traveled in all the other provinces for many years, but Hunan maintained its proud isolation. Dr. Griffith John, Mr. John Archibald, Mr. W. Darward, and others, made adven-

turous trips. But each journey was like a forlorn hope, full of danger and yielding little permanent results.

Changsha, the capital, was, of all places, the most jealously guarded. And it was here that Peng Lan Seng, the "Apostle to Hunan," was born, and here he grew up. He had a brother, Shao Ling. The lads were greatly attached to each other, and both to their mother, a woman of ability and strength of character.

Peng gives this evidence that he was a sincere idolater. The Chinese have a theory that the gods are especially pleased if one burns his own flesh instead of incense. A steel skewer is thrust through the skin of the arm. To this a heavy candle and holder are suspended so that the flame comes just below the arm. In this painful position the man walks for miles from one temple to another, without giving any trace of pain.

Peng passed through this ordeal more than once. When his school days were over he was apprenticed to an architect, and worked at the trade until twenty years old. This afterward proved of great value to him and the mission.

With the development of manhood, however, he felt that his trade no longer satisfied him. • He gave it up and entered the army. He was soon on the staff of the Governor. Here he gained an intimate acquaintance with Chinese affairs—legal and official—and learned to "read men." A few years later he came with his mother and brother to Han-

kow. Through lending money, trading and dabbling in law, Peng made a good living.

The Chinese are always clannish. So, in Hankow there was the "Hunan Quarter." Near this, in the Kia Kiai, is one of the chapels of the London Missionary Society. And while the Hunanese at home are so hostile to Christianity, away they are among the most willing listeners to "the doctrine."

Mr. Peng was some time in the town before he found his way to the chapel. But he soon began to attend daily, and evidently was intensely interested. Our attention was soon drawn to him. He sat up in front. He was fairly tall, well dressed and gentlemanly in his bearing. The native evangelist, Mr. Wei, invited him to his home and taught him privately the way of life.

Mr. Peng had many difficulties to face. Not only were all the ideas which he regarded as certainties in the spiritual world, passing away, and new truths taking their place, but he knew that persecution awaited a change of faith. His mother would reproach him bitterly, and he loved and revered his mother. Besides, he was making a good living—largely by loaning money to persons engaged in evil practices. But he saw that to go on taking this interest would make him a partner in crime.

He sought and received much advice, especially from the native evangelist, Mr. Wei. Step by step he fought his way through these difficulties, and at last presented himself for baptism. On account of his past life we felt compelled to tell him to wait.

Another month passed; again the church meeting drew near, and again he was asked to wait. This was a heavy blow to a man who had usually carried everything before him. He now carefully reviewed his whole life, and resolved that no financial or other considerations should stand between him and church membership. He resolved not to write up law cases, as they frequently involved him in treachery and lying. As to money, where he could collect the principal he would do so, but to lose his loans rather than to remain a "partner in crime."

Mr. Peng was very anxious during the days preceding the next meeting of the missionaries, evangelists and deacons, which body recommended the candidates to the congregation to be voted on for baptism. On the wooden platform, or "drying-stage," of a Chinese house he gathered a number of Christians for a prayer-meeting. Peng made a solemn vow in their presence that whether received into the visible church or not, he would be faithful to Christ, come what might. He was baptized by Dr. Griffith John a week later.

From the first, Peng's Christian life was earnest and resolute. He attended every service, and gave all the time he could spare to Christian work. Almost daily he was in the Kia Kiai chapel helping in the preaching. He visited the Hunan men in their homes and tried in every way to lead them to the Saviour.

He always carefully prepared for my Bible class

on Thursday evenings. He afterwards said he was often afraid lest he should not be able to answer all the questions.

In Hankow there are large inns, patronized by Hunan men in town on business. Mr. Peng used to visit these to sell books and preach. When I was along, our reception was all that could be desired. But one time, when he went alone, they beat him severely.

Strangely enough, it was through this persecution that he secured his wife. There is little romance enough in Chinese life. Weddings are arranged by go-betweens. But somehow Peng had so far failed even by this means to secure a helpmeet. But on the day he was beaten, a tea and silk merchant from Changsha, named Ma, came forward and invited Peng into his room. A friendship sprang up between them. Ma found that Peng was not married.

He told him of a relative of his, a young widow, not beautiful, but a most excellent woman. And, "If you wish it," he said, "I will arrange everything for you." The wedding took place in the Kia Kiai chapel. It was a joyous service. From the first, Peng felt that she was God's good gift to him, and succeeding years have shown how truly this was the case. She was intelligent, humble-minded and hard-working. She learned to read and became an earnest Christian, and anxious to help forward the cause of the gospel. And, not the least of virtues, she got along beautifully with her mother-in-

law. Her goodness even increased the harmony of the family.

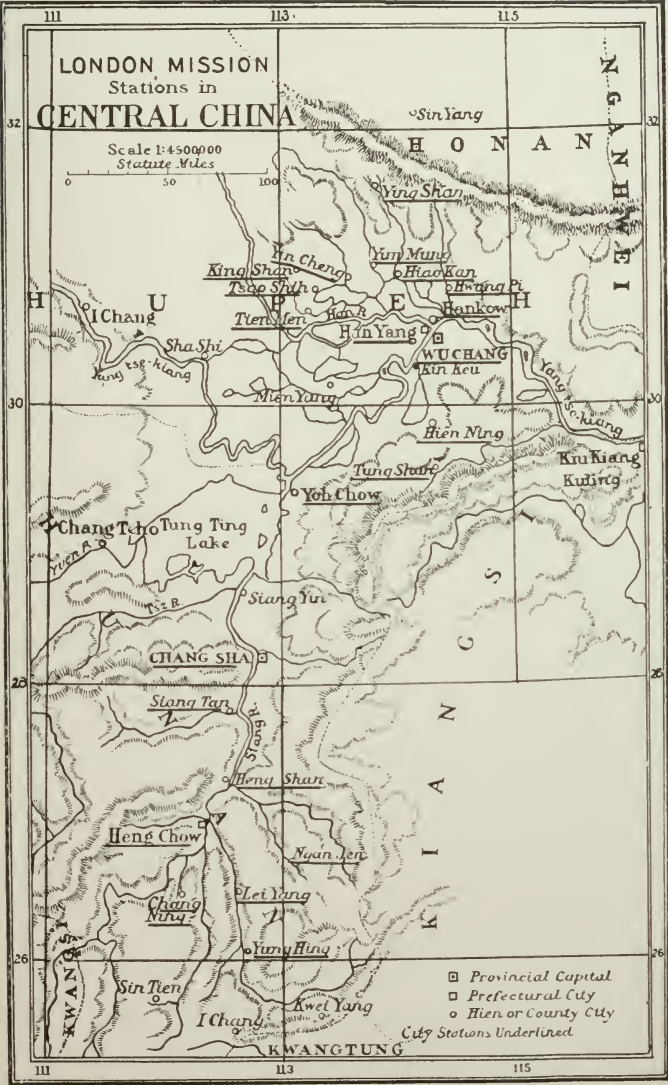
Within a few months of his baptism, Peng's brother, wife and mother were received into the church. The brother died in about a year. And Peng deeply felt another death that occurred at this time—that of Mr. Wei. At the funeral Mr. Peng said, "When I heard that he was dead, I felt I could not stand it; he ever set forth the way of life with great clearness, and it was he who led me to the truth."

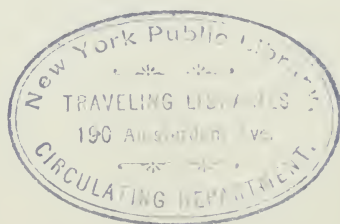
The work of the London Missionary Society in Hunan has developed in the towns on the Siang River, which rises in the mountains at the south of Hunan and flows due north and enters the Tungting Lake. The most important of these cities are Changsha, the capital, Siang Tan and Hengchow, a city of prefectural rank.

In 1890 the "Chou Han" (name of the author) pamphlets stirred a passionate anti-foreign feeling throughout the Yangtse valley. In these pamphlets our Lord was represented as a crucified hog, and Christians as goats. Long after matters had subsided in other quarters, this hatred of foreigners burned fiercely in Changsha, from whence the pamphlets had been issued. Should a man come from without to preach in Hunan, he must be seized, dosed with the vilest filth, and killed.

This feeling was thus high when Mr. Peng made his first visit to Changsha. He went on business, but determined to let his clansmen know that he

ILLUSTRATING THE LIFE OF PENG LAN SENG.





had become a Christian. Their rage can be imagined when they found that no arguments could move him to recant. They beat him and threatened to cut him off from the clan.

At this time he heard of his brother's conversion. And, hearing of two or three Christians in Changsha, he met with them daily for prayer. A letter he wrote to his brother, concerning his trials and happiness, and congratulating him upon his baptism, breathed a spirit of joyous consecration that was truly apostolic.

For some time, Mr. Peng, while living at Hangkow, made increasingly frequent visits to Changsha, always engaging in voluntary Christian effort. He was then employed as a colporteur, and made more frequent visits, selling Scriptures and books. He made up parcels of religious books, and left them at the yamens (official residences of the city).

A plot was laid to kill him. The officials had the city god thrown over on its face at night, and then charged the crime to the Christians—Peng being the leader. If he could have been found, he certainly would have perished from mob violence, but, fortunately, he had left the city the night before. The day for the opening of Changsha was not yet.

In the more remote city of Hengchow, however, a remarkable movement was taking place, and thither Peng wended his way.

A young soldier named Wang Lien Chin, in the employ of a mandarin at Hanyang, had been con-

verted while a patient in Dr. Gillison's hospital. He was a favorite with his master, but when the latter heard that he had entered the church he was very angry and called him a madman. He saw that he must leave. He wanted to earn an honest livelihood, so at last he chose tailoring. And as it was cheaper living there, he returned to Hengchow.

He used to sit up half the night studying his New Testament. He also bore witness to his faith, and several of his companions (who at first called him crazy) came under his spell. So that when Mr. Peng went up to Hengchow he found a group of inquirers. About this time the Scottish Bible Society was able to open a depot in the city. The time was ripe to establish a church in Hengchow. And, moreover, an influential member of the gentry—Mr. Siao—had sent Dr. Griffith John a pressing invitation to come, as he wished to open a school for English and science.

So in March, 1897, Dr. John and myself started for Hengchow, to open work in the hitherto closed province of Hunan. We had not realized before that Hengchow is as near to Canton as to Hankow. We did the 430 miles in fourteen days.

We were all enthusiastic, and none more so than Mr. Peng. But as we came well off the town, we were greeted with a shower of stones. It soon grew dark and we lay in midstream, where all the converts came to see us. The native gunboats would do nothing, and the magistrate made the ridiculous charge that he could not keep order.

We dropped downstream, and sent Peng and Mr. Hiung to reason with the officials. Mr. Peng's power never showed to better advantage. He knew the legality of his cause, and was tully convinced that God's time for opening up Hunan Province had come. He argued so well that the officials began to think they had made a grave mistake. The mob, meantime, had rioted the Bible Society depot.

On the evening of April 6 we had a remarkable experience. Fourteen candidates came forward for baptism. Seeing the state of affairs, we advised them to wait. But they could not be dissuaded. They were prepared for persecution and suffering. Their testimony was satisfactory, their character good. They had counted the cost. What could we do but receive them? So, after a short service, they were baptized. There were mutual congratulations, and then a feast. There was genuine Hunan heroism in their joy in the midst of anxiety.

Mr. Peng now came to Hankow, and returned with his wife and mother to Hengchow. They had caught his enthusiasm for the spread of the gospel. A house was rented and regular work was instituted.

Then he was able to purchase a house for the London Missionary Society. And the work went on even more systematically. It was months before he could persuade them to put the official seal to the deed for the property, but at last he succeeded.

On the very next day was a great Buddhist festival, a riot and the destruction of the building.

Without a stamped deed there would have been no redress, but now the officials came forward, and partially paid for and partially guaranteed the new building, which was built according to plans drawn by Mr. Peng, after buildings he had seen in Hankow.

So satisfied was the magistrate with the justice and consideration of Peng that ever after he treated him as a personal friend, and the officials generally began to regard him as an able, just and discreet man—which subsequently had important issues.

In the new building the audiences increased. The band of inquirers grew. In many places these inquirers began to secure land and buildings for worship. At Sin Sz Kia these good people erected a pretty chapel, school and evangelist's rooms, at a cost of \$1,400.

Peng, during all this time, kept the missionaries thoroughly informed of the progress of affairs. He often has to act upon his judgment in matters of importance, and I have rarely seen a man more competent to do so. At the same time he is always willing to accept suggestions from others. He has sound common sense, and has achieved remarkable results. It is this combination of qualities which has enabled him to do so great a work with so few failures.

When we come to examine the various means by which God has wrought to open the great province

of Hunan to the gospel, we find that the devoted life and wise and untiring efforts of Peng Lan Seng deserve a very prominent place.

In 1899 a party of us again visited Hunan. At Siang Tan we found a well-instructed group of candidates for baptism, who had been prepared by a native convert who himself owed all he knew to Mr. Peng. At Heng-Shan there was a well-appointed chapel. At Hengchow we found a beautiful building.

At Sin Sz Kia the building was even better. At place after place we found candidates for baptism, and out of many hundreds we selected about two hundred to receive the rite.

The respect and affection in which Mr. Peng was held was an eloquent testimony to his character. Through his good name and influence we were also able to purchase a house at Changsha, the most bitter anti-foreign capital in China. Years ago the officials here had sought Peng's life, but now they said that if we purchased a house they would ask as a special favor that he be put in charge. They said they knew he was a good man, and if he was in charge they would know all was right.

The work at Hengchow progressed rapidly until the summer of 1890, when, as a bolt from the blue, came the famous edict ordering the extermination of Christians. As the mob gathered around the chapel, Mr. Peng went to the magistrate's office to ask for assistance. In answer to questions as to the inconsistency of the edict, they said they *only*

knew that they had orders from Peking. But they were anxious to save Peng. They hid him in the prefect's garden, brought him old clothes for a disguise, and got him off to a boat, whither they had already sent his wife and mother.

Mr. Peng asked them why they went to so much trouble to save him. They said: "In this affair, if China wins, you had better change your name, and never return to this place. If China gets the worst of it, we want you to be alive to help settle up matters."

Every church building in Hengchow prefecture—there were over thirty—was leveled to the ground. The Christians hid in the mountains. In fear and trembling, keeping in hiding as much as possible, Peng's party reached Hankow. He was grieved to hear of the loss of property, but when he heard that the Christians, almost without exception, had refused to recant, he was filled with joy, and confidence that the work would soon be reconstituted.

He was not mistaken. By August, 1901, the officials had made financial arrangements to rebuild the chapels, and Mr. Peng was happily engaged in superintending their re-erection. The Christians were back in their homes, their consecration deepened by their experience.

But faithful Wang Lien Chin was lost. He wandered hungry on the hillsides until too weak to rally when rescued. Cheery, hard-working, faithful

Wang, we can ill spare you when laborers are so few. He was faithful to the end.

Mr. Peng, at fifty-three, has but one purpose in life—the evangelization of his native province; and as he sees a strong native church growing up in Hunan, he knows it is the day of salvation for his native land.

C. G. SPARHAM.

CHAPTER VI.

EVANGELIST SHEE,

THE CONVERTED STORY-TELLER.

Evangelist Shee first saw the light at Forty Li Bridge, a village in Anhwei Province, Central China. It was five years before the noon of the last century.

The old house with its mud walls and thatched roof, in appearance and comfort, scarcely compared with one of our barns.

His remote ancestry was more than respectable. His great-grandfather was of the literary class, and enjoyed distinction in the dignity of official position. But his parents were very poor and humble, although some of his relatives were village elders, or "headmen," as they are called. These men act as local police, and have considerable influence in settling disputes, legal troubles, taxation, robberies, and arranging weddings. And also in arranging and controlling funeral and idolatrous processions.

It appears that his father had married a farmer's daughter, but in time of famine, and pressed by want, they had wandered over three provinces before they at last reached the cheaper lands in the wheat-producing regions of Shu-ee.



EVANGELIST SHI, THE CONVERTED STORY-TELLER.



As to his education, at the age of eleven he was initiated into a country schoolhouse, where the pedagogue was an old opium-eater. This apostle of learning taught characters—that is, Chinese hieroglyphics—smoked his Turkish pipe, sipped green tea, slept over his desk, used the rod in his waking hours—or moments—and maintained a serious dignity.

At the end of six months the bright, good-natured and sturdy lad had to quit school for farming. He was then about twelve years of age. He says of those days that he was a good joker, a bright storyteller, and an indifferent student. Those who knew him best noted a genuine character which seemed to rise above his surroundings. This is shown by the confidence placed in him by his boy companions. They knew him to be strong and true, and that he never betrayed a trust. He was brave to the point of recklessness, but gifted with good judgment, which made him a good leader as well as a true friend.

The discipline of farm life is always valuable to a lad, but in young Shée's life it proved especially so. The country was full of robbers and banditti. His bravery must defend what his labor could win. He slept under guard, and was always in danger. This keen struggle for existence sharpened his senses and fostered independence. At the same time he began to note the crushing weight of unjust laws, the tyranny of unjust taxation, and the terrors of officialdom.

The monthly, annual and biennial examinations at the Provincial capital would attract thousands to the city. Military reviews of Chinese braves in their archery, horse-racing and weight-lifting competitions gathered whole districts into the walled emporium. All these opportunities were improved by him.

He was also fond of going into the magistrate's court to listen to the cases on trial.

These would comprise trials for assault, robbery, divorce, fraud, land quarrels and every form of litigation. Chinese courts are open to all. The hearing and examination go on in public. Silence is kept by yamen or court runners briskly handling canes, while sometimes a squad of soldiers will parade the courtyard during the proceedings. Unconsciously young Shee was storing his mind with most useful observations, facts and imagery. Under such conditions, under the severe discipline of poverty, and every form of hardship, this Chinese youth grew in years and strength.

And although so miserably poor, his parental inheritance can not be ignored, for he said he was taught in earliest childhood that if a thing was difficult of achievement, that was reason enough for going at it and mastering it.

His mother died when he was twenty-two years of age. It was about the time of the close of the great Taiping rebellion in China. He said of her: "Her light went out in darkness. To her had come no knowledge of the heavenly way other than the

riot, carnage and destruction she had seen following the armies of the rebel chief."

It was inevitable that he should become saturated with Confucian, Buddhist and Taoist traditions and superstitions. But his most fascinating occupation was, seated in a family group in the farmyard on a summer evening, to drink in the wonderful recitations of the Oriental story-teller. Largely through this means he gained a wide knowledge of Chinese arts, traditions, song and history—its statesmen, heroes, wars and intrigues. This knowledge was to serve him a good purpose in future years.

His oratorical temperament manifested itself at an early age. From village teachers and others he learned native sonnets, history, proverbs, dramas and songs. He himself says he would leave the farm and field and get off into the street, and listen for hours together to the fervid eloquence of some Chinese story-teller.

So great was the spell, indeed, that at last he determined to become a story-teller himself. He showed aptness in his new calling. He accumulated a vast fund of stories. Being gifted with a fine imagination and a winsome style, he developed into a brilliant story-teller. Seated on an improvised dais, under a rustic canopy composed of several bamboo sticks and a covering of white cloth—perhaps on a stone bridge on the main street of a village—he recited his story. Among his favorite stories were "The Beggar King and Slave Girl Em-

press," "The Three Rivals," and "The Sorceress," all famous Chinese stories. But alas! for some time he had been smoking opium. He now found that he was a slave to the baneful drug. And, although earning good wages, he was ragged, weary and miserable.

Sheekwei Piao (for that was his full name) first heard the gospel about 1873. At first, however, he had very crude conceptions of the message. He looked upon Jesus as a great wonder-worker, and spoke of him as the great western conjurer. The stories of the four Gospels he incorporated with his own. They were new and novel, and he used his liberty to modify and adapt them.

A little later, however, he met a native Christian evangelist, named Chen. They were greatly attracted to each other. Chen was a preacher of righteousness. He denounced sin, and demanded faith and repentance. Shee knew that Chen loved him, but he was of a proud spirit and became openly hostile. These questions occurred to him: Is this a new religion? What about ancestral worship? Was not this doctrine introduced by the "foreign devils" who had invaded Chinese life and society?

He went to the priests, but got no peace of mind. And then to the scholars, but they only talked philosophy. It was evident that the arrow of conviction had struck into his heart, and he was being moved into the religion he so bitterly opposed. His old stories were losing their hold on him. The new story was taking hold of his inner life. The

faithful Chen never lost sight of him, in prayer or in life. At last love conquered.

But what of the terrible opium habit? He felt that he must break with that or be lost forever. It was tightening its death-grip on him every day. He knew that all his previous struggles had been in vain. Time and again the opium fiend had conquered. This was to be the final ordeal. Earth and heaven were at stake. He summoned all his patience and courage, and strained every nerve. Friends advised him to break slowly. He knew this would not do. He says that in the last awful struggle he closed with his demon enemy in the arms of death. For seven days and night, in burning hunger, thirst, weariness and excruciating pain, he was pleading with God in prayer. He found he had an added strength. At last the Lord gave deliverance, the light broke in, and the captive of years was free.

From that day he grew in grace, knowledge and power. He was baptized by Dr. W. E. Macklin in Nankin. Gathering a quantity of Christian literature, he retraced his steps to his old home north of the river. But this time he had a new story to tell.

The new story did not gain him so much applause as the old. In many of his old haunts he was visited with reproach and scorn. Proud Confucian students debated with him in cynical pride. But he threw all his native and acquired powers into the new work for God and humanity. With intense

fervor and with a force and eye whose expression was an irresistible persuasion, he proclaimed the gospel of redeeming grace to those to whom no tidings of Him had ever come.

From that time his intense zeal has never lagged. With extraordinary faithfulness and constancy he has performed all the manifold duties of an evangelist. His native ability, literary taste, imagination and wonderful memory make large amends for the lack of a collegiate training, while his independence and strength of character are rarely equaled among any class of men. He has the unreserved confidence of the whole church, native and foreign.

Evangelist Shee has been severely tried and not found wanting. At Chu Cheo the Foreign Christian Mission had purchased some property. Although the affair seemed to be settled in the regular way, the officials seemed inclined to make something more out of it. Without cause, Shee was brought before the magistrate, who angrily roared at him, "Why did you forsake the traditions of the fathers and follow the strange religion? How is it you have deigned to help these barbarians? Have you anything to say?" Shee raised his head and respectfully said, "Great and honorable ruler, it is in your power to hear of this doctrine, and little brother humbly bowing before you will even attempt—" "Strike him on the mouth," called out the enraged official. One of the secretaries, however, raised his hand, stopping the soldier from exe-

cutting the order, while he spoke something in the official's ear. The magistrate reflected and said, "Go your way, mean, unworthy patriot, and perhaps in later days I will call for you again."

During the riots of 1891 he showed most commendable tact in dealing with hostile mobs. On long journeys to inland cities he has exhibited both experience and caution, in many instances preserving the workers from open violence.

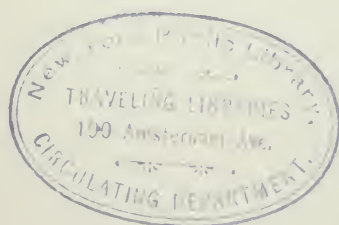
After years of training he also assumed pastoral duties. In this relation he has proven eminently satisfactory. He has never had charge of a work that did not prosper under his care. At a village called Yu-Ho-Tsz, there was no church building. Mr. and Mrs. Shee literally built a church with their own hands. Mrs. Shee cut the grass from the hills for thatching the house, while Mr. Shee did most of the carpenter's work. The walls were made of clay battened down with straw, and a fairly substantial and purely native structure was ready as a house of worship.

Not only so. His practical benevolence has taken the turn of establishing a "farm colony" entirely with native funds.

Most glorious fruit followed years of patient sowing. It was in 1899 that the audiences began to notably increase. Very soon every Lord's Day witnessed additions to the church. In some districts the idols were cast down and destroyed, and heathen customs abolished, little field temples abandoned, and whole communities became deeply inter-

ested in the Christian faith, while scores were gathered into the visible church.

Evangelist Shee is a charming co-worker. He has wit, good nature and common sense. And no trait is more marked than his humility. He is often chosen as chairman of Chinese conventions, and presides with grace, tact and dignity.





REV. Y. T. ZIA.

CHAPTER VII.

REV. Y. T. ZIA,

A NOBLE PIONEER.

The greatness of some men is proclaimed by the noise and stir which they produce, while in others a force equally great moves in a silent but mighty undercurrent which may not come to the surface till years after the men themselves have passed away.

The life of Mr. Zia was of the latter type. Nothing showy or pretentious; no awe-inspiring display of wisdom or eloquence; no mighty cataract with its rush and roar; but a quiet, strong, steady flow of vital religious influence, the force of which is yet only beginning to be appreciated.

To rightly appreciate such a life, the reader must not fail to view it in its proper environment. Let him remember that it is the story of a man who lived in an age and a land far more unfavorable to godliness than that which produced Abraham or Moses: a land in which thousands of years of superstition, demonology and idolatry have left almost no trace of truth on which to base a religious conviction, capable of reforming the life: the story of a man who, until he was thirty, never heard of the one true God.

That a man could, amid such surroundings, be transformed into such a character as Mr. Zia became, shows conclusively that the gospel of Jesus Christ is as sufficient for the salvation of China as of any other sin-cursed nation.

Zia Ying Tong was born in Ningpo in 1825, of "poor but respectable parents." The father died when he was three years old, and his brother but a year or two older. It speaks well for the capability of his mother that she managed somehow to give both her sons a fair education, and they showed their appreciation of her efforts by an unfailing filial affection. Ying Tong was also duly subject to his elder brother, who, according to Chinese custom, succeeds to a kind of paternal guardianship and authority over all younger members of the family.

While his love for study would naturally have led Mr. Zia to choose a literary profession, the necessity of earning support for himself and mother turned him toward a business career, where the income promised to be more prompt and sure. Still, his studious inclinations led him to associate with scholarly men, among whom he had a number of very close friends.

Two of these friends became converts to Christianity, and from them Mr. Zia first heard of the new and strange doctrines that were being proclaimed by teachers from distant lands.

Dr. W. A. P. Martin was then living in the Fuzin Church in Ningpo, and opened the chapel for

daily preaching. To him young Zia went to hear about and discuss this new religion. Like Luther, he prepared over a hundred propositions or statements of difficult points on which he desired light. Dr. Martin succeeded in answering all these to his satisfaction, and he was forthwith convinced that Christianity was the true religion.

Intellectual conviction was easy enough, but now came the test which has caused such a host of promising young men to "go away sorrowful."

If people of Christian lands could better appreciate what it often means for a Chinese to accept Christianity, they would cease to wonder at the fewness of converts and be filled with admiration and praise for the triumphant grace that enables so many to forsake all and follow the lowly Nazarene. Satan has by no means neglected the opportunity for entrenchment which thousands of years of undisputed control have afforded.

The whole structure of the nation, commercial, political, social, mental, moral and religious, is dominated by principles that are antagonistic to the truth of the gospel.

Think what it must have meant, then, for this young man to make a decision in favor of the Christian life. On the one hand was the easy way of "established usage," with the good will of friends and the hope for a peaceful, prosperous life; on the other, he faced the sacrifice of all he held dear. He would be counted a traitor to his country, false to his friends, unfilial to his ancestors, and, harder

than all, yea, harder than giving up life itself, was the necessity of disobeying that dear old mother and be branded as an ungrateful son.

A decision, against such overwhelming odds, would be a notable victory for the most courageous soul in a Christian land; and we can imagine what heroic qualities it required in a young Chinese whose deepest incentive had always been an approving public opinion. But the victory was not Mr. Zia's, nor did he ever claim the slightest credit; on the contrary, till his dying day he ceased not to praise God for his saving grace.

The decision made, he submitted without resistance to the persecutions and abuse of his enraged brother. Even his mother, who had nurtured him so fondly, now treated him most harshly, and went so far as to resort to whipping. Zia patiently endured it all without a murmur, or word of reproach, but neither force, threats nor entreaty could shake his purpose. Having put his hand to the plow, he never turned back.

Soon after his conversion he was employed for a year as teacher in the girls' school conducted by Miss Aldersy. But at the end of that time he asked to be allowed to take up evangelistic work, and was accordingly sent, with his young wife, to a newly opened region forty miles northwest of Ningpo, where he labored most faithfully and successfully for about three years, preaching in tea-shops, rest-houses, or wherever he could get a hearing. At night a few interested ones gathered at his home,

and often they talked about the gospel until far into the night. Not a single village in the whole region was omitted in this faithful evangel.

The visible result of this effort was about twenty converts, some of whom are still living.

In 1860 Mr. Zia, feeling the need of better equipment for his work, became a student of theology under the care of the presbytery, Rev. Mr. Rankin and Rev. Mr. Nevius being designated as instructors. In order that he might the better pursue his studies, he was put in charge of a chapel in Ningpo, and gave half of each day to study and half to evangelistic work.

As Mr. Zia's entrance into the Christian life had been in the face of great difficulties, so also was there to be a time of testing before he was ordained to the holy ministry. God always tests his tools with a stress proportionate to the work he has for them to do.

When the "Long-haired Rebels" took Ningpo in 1861, Mr. Zia continued his preaching in his chapel until they made him a prisoner. His brother had fled to the chapel for safety and was captured at the same time. They endured great privation and hardship while confined in the rebel camp, but what made Mr. Zia sick at heart was to see how idolatrous and sinful was the worship of these people who professed to worship the true God. He was convinced that participation in their worship would be an act of idolatry, so he could not be guilty of it, though he knew full well that his re-

refusal to do so when his name was called on the roll would mean certain death.

For two days he managed to be absent from the roll-call, but he dared not hope to escape long in that way. During the third night he was in dire distress of soul and prayed most earnestly. At last peace came, and his concern for his brother's salvation filled his breast. He prayed and plead with him, and even weeping, besought him to accept the Saviour. As the time for worship drew near, he said to his brother, "To-day we shall be separated forever," but he waited in calm readiness for the end.

It *happened* that, in calling the roll, his name, though plainly written, was overlooked. While thankfully accepting this respite, he clearly saw that unless deliverance came the following day, he could not hope to pass the Sabbath without being called up to worship, and promptly executed for his refusal.

About ten o'clock that night, he heard some one calling his name, and, hurrying out, was met by two missionaries who had sought for him daily since his capture, and, almost discouraged, were making one last effort before giving up the search. They procured the release of Mr. Zia and his brother and restored them to their waiting friends.

Whatever explanation of chance, or what not, others may find for these timely occurrences, to Mr. Zia and the band of Christians who had not ceased to pray for him day and night, it was a

direct answer to prayer. Though there is no record of the fact in so many words, the feeling with which Mr. Zia always referred to this deliverance, shows that it was a kind of resurrection, and that from this point forward his life was even more fully consecrated than before.

A refuge having been opened in the Foreign Settlement, he assisted many a poor, starving one from the city, and was also used in company with the missionaries in securing the release of many innocent prisoners from the rebel camps, where death would probably have ended their misery.

Mr. Zia, having completed his studies, was licensed by the presbytery in the spring of 1862, and sent into the west part of the Province on an itinerary, which lasted several months. In the fall of this year he accompanied Dr. McCartee to Chefoo, a move to a Chinese almost equal to going to a foreign land.

After only a year of evangelistic work there, the illness of his wife required that they should return again to Ningpo, where he engaged in evangelistic work until 1864, when he was ordained to the ministry. This was the first ordination of a Chinese by the American Presbyterian Church, and, possibly, the first by any Protestant denomination in China.

His first pastorate was the San-poh field, northwest of Ningpo, where his evangelistic efforts were begun. There was at this time a church of about seventy members, grouped in six or seven

centers over a region some fifteen or twenty miles square. After four years in this pastorate, he was called to Zong-yu, with practically the whole of that county as his parish.

For thirteen years he cared for this flock with diligent and self-sacrificing watchfulness. He often returned from his long trips weary and foot-sore, but never discouraged. His son, then a lad of twelve or fourteen, tells of having accompanied his father on a day's trip of thirty li or so. It was the father's habit to retire to a quiet hilltop occasionally, for prayer.

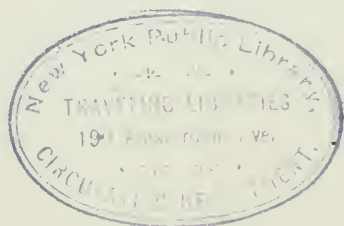
During this pastorate Mr. Zia was one of a company sent to Shantung Province to assist in famine relief. The long overland journey was most exhausting to one of his years, to say nothing of the dread famine fever which carried off several of his companions. But the Lord graciously preserved him for further service among his beloved flock.

In 1882 he turned aside from the pastorate to take charge of the Ningpo Academy by appointment of the presbytery, but his health would not stand the burden of his position, so, after a year, he returned to pastoral work.

Mr. Zia's next work was as a pioneer evangelist in Nankin, for five years, at the end of which time an attack of asthma compelled him to return to Ningpo and give up regular preaching. His work in Nankin was carried on against great obstacles,



THE THREE DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW AND GRANDCHILDREN OF REV. MR. ZIA.



and through many persecutions, which he faced with soldierly courage and patient endurance.

In his declining years he occupied a chapel in Ningpo, where he conducted Sabbath services, and did such evangelistic work as his strength permitted.

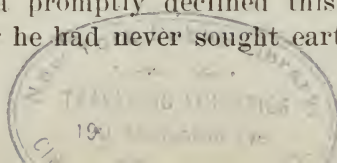
Even those closing days were not without fruit, and a number of members of the Ningpo Church look upon Pastor Zia as their spiritual father.

On the 12th of May, 1895 (Chinese Fourth Moon, twelfth day), just forty years from the day of his baptism, Pastor Zia finished his earthly service with a glad "Thank God, thank God," on his lips. That peaceful Sabbath was to him the beginning of an eternal Sabbath of joy in the presence of the Master he had served so faithfully.

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The sketch of such a life would not be complete without some illustrative incidents gathered from his fellow-workers and members of his family, which, without the medium of a biographer, give glimpses of the man's real character.

The trait that stands out most prominently in his life is his fearless tenacity of purpose—and that a single purpose. At the close of the Taiping rebellion, his brother secured for him official recognition and reward for his "rescue" work. Marks of official favor and insignia of rank are dear to the heart of every Chinaman. It is the goal of their highest ambition, and marks a successful man.

But Mr. Zia promptly declined this proffered reward, saying he had never sought earthly honor



or preferment, and cared nothing for them. He desired for his sons no higher honor than to become worthy ministers of the gospel. When one of them, after finishing his school course, wished to try for a literary degree, the father discouraged him, saying, "The Lord chose as his apostles, men without any literary distinction. He does not need your literary degree to make you a successful minister." It is a pleasure to add that this son is now one of the most successful pastors in the presbytery, and the secret of his success is his dependence solely on spiritual means to reach and move the hearts of men.

All his preaching was Christocentric. On one occasion when some women left the chapel before he could get to the vital part of his message, he followed after, and, overtaking them on the street, urged them to "remember that Jesus is the Son of God who came from heaven to redeem lost souls."

His religion was of the thorough, everyday kind, which controlled his whole life. His carefulness in money matters was remarked upon by all his friends, and his scrupulous honesty, even in small affairs, stood out in bold relief against the dark background of questionable shrewdness which characterizes the Chinese business world. On several occasions he surprised native shopkeepers by returning small amounts of cash overpaid him in making change.

His promise once given was sacred, and must be fulfilled at all costs, if in any way possible. His

generosity was unfailing. When other means of assistance failed, he has been known to give some of his clothes to pawn, and thus raise the money.

A kindness done him was never forgotten, and often in family worship was there earnest prayer for blessings on his benefactors. When thinking of the favors shown him, he used to say, "I have no means of repaying the kindness, but I can show my gratitude by rendering what help I can to those more needy than I"—always present are such, in a heathen land.

He had an uncompromising hatred of sin. He never hesitated to rebuke it, even at the risk of losing a friend, which means a vast deal in China, where "face" is such a powerful force in the social world.

Once, when one of his parishioners left two hired men working at home while he himself attended service on the Lord's Day, Pastor Zia would hear no excuse, but finally offered to pay their wages himself, and insisted that they should stop work; that none of his people should be guilty of Sabbath desecration.

His oldest son, aged twelve years, in recounting the events of a visit with his uncle, mentioned a beautifully written poem which they showed him, and asked him to read before the ancestral tablet. Upon hearing this, the father's face became deathly pale, and he was filled with consternation, till assured that his son had not been led into an act of idolatry.

He was a hundred li from Ningpo when news of his mother's serious illness reached him. Setting out at once, he walked all night, but was too late to see his mother alive. When he entered the room he saw two candles burning, one of which he promptly extinguished, saying, "I can not be represented in any idolatrous rite." At the funeral service, when an ode to the departed spirit was read which referred to the members of the family as kneeling, he said in a loud, clear voice, "Zia Ying Tong and his sons are not kneeling." When his brother and friends expostulated with him for making unnecessary disturbance, since all could see he was not kneeling, he replied, "But there may have been a blind man in the audience."

His outspoken opposition to everything idolatrous impressed all who knew him, and so consistently did he follow out that course that he was never troubled with requests for contributions for public processions, theatricals and the like.

Perhaps no view of a man's character is so trustworthy as that which gives unstudied glimpses into his home life and the way he impresses himself upon his children. The feature which stands out most clearly in Mr. Zia's home life was his deep religiousness. By precept he taught the value of Bible study, prayer and fasting. He saw to it that, even in the busiest times, private devotions were not neglected. It was his constant aim to lead every member of his family into that same

close fellowship with God which brought such rich blessings to his own soul.

While his sons were away at school, each letter he wrote them contained Scripture references, or quotations from godly men, well suited to enforce his exhortations and deepen their piety.

Though a most loving and considerate father, he was a strict disciplinarian. He drew up a set of rules with penalties of so many blows for each transgression. His son tells of an instance where the father and son were weeping together as blow after blow fell till the full number had been given. What a beautiful example of mingled love and justice. Little wonder that such noble training developed noble sons.

One of his fellow-workers tells of having seen him slap his own lips severely, when he had thoughtlessly spoken indiscreetly.

Mr. Zia's desire for his sons was fulfilled, to the great joy of his heart. The eldest became an elder in the church, and assisted in evangelistic work. The second was installed a pastor, and the youngest finished his theological studies, and was licensed to preach while the father was yet living. These two latter are now among the most honored and trusted ministers in the Presbyteries of Ningpo and Hangchow.

The early death of the eldest son, who left a large family of children, was a severe blow to the aged father, but his quiet comment was, "He has gone to heaven before me."

On another occasion he was heard to remark, "I would rather hear of premature death, than that one of God's people had fallen into sin."

Down to the end of his life he did not cease praying and working for the conversion of his brother's family.

The faithful life of Pastor Zia was not cut off, but gathered like a sheaf of well-ripened grain. The spiritual-mindedness which characterized it was still more marked toward the close. When he could no longer go to hear preaching, he greatly enjoyed the reviews which his sons would bring back to him. As he quaintly put it, "The old bird used to gather food for its young, and now the young birds feed the parent."

Once, when asked his age, he replied, "My vain years [a form of polite speech in Chinese] are thirty." He would then explain to his astonished hearers that at the age of thirty he was "born again," since which he had had no "vain years."

He used to say to his family in the closing days, "Don't mourn when I die, but thank God for redeeming grace. Death is more blessed than life, for then I shall see Jesus and all the friends who await me in heaven."

A dream in which appeared a most beautiful, quiet garden was interpreted by him as an assurance and comfort to remove the last vestige of dread of the "dark valley."

On Friday he told his family that he would leave them the following Sabbath, and his word was

fulfilled. Zia Ying Tong fell into a quiet, peaceful sleep, and was with his Lord.

For such a life we have the inspired epitaph, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER VIII.

PASTOR CHANG, OF TUNGCHO.

The fairest flower springs from the vulgar mud. Pastor Chang's father was a little man with a weazened face, dwarfed intellect, and cramped affections. His mother, too, was a woman of small brain and narrow vision, with a heart filled with superstitions and prejudices. From such a home was to come the beloved pastor of our Tungcho Church. However, the woman of weak intellect had a mother's heart. In a letter just received from Miss Lulu E. Chapin, she writes: "Chun Jung's mother was mamma's nurse. Mamma often noticed her crying, and when asked what was worrying her, she replied that she had a small boy out in her country home who had little care and missed his mother. Mamma immediately sent for the child, and let her keep him. He was an unpromising, sickly looking boy, but with different surroundings and good care he grew stronger, and developed into a quiet, good boy. As I think of him he was always kind, and loved animals, and he kept pigeons from the time I could first remember. Papa used to send him in the summer outside the city with the cows, for he knew he would be kind to them." She adds later: "Chun Jung will

always seem to me like an own brother, for he really grew up in our family." Who can tell how much he owed to the love and training in such a family?

The story of his life, briefly told, is as follows: He was born (1865) in the village of Ta Hsin Chuang, three miles south from Tungcho, was early transplanted to Mr. Chapin's beautiful home, entered school at seven years old, graduating at seventeen. Afterwards he took a seminary course and graduated at twenty. He spent four years at a country station sixteen miles distant. At twenty-four he was made pastor of the Tungcho Church, where he labored most faithfully for ten years till the end came.

As a child Chun Jung had a handsome face and attractive manners. Indeed, one wondered whether there was enough iron in his blood to make a strong character. Though the brightest boy in his class, it was with hesitation that the doors of the Theological Seminary were opened to him. Finally, however, on account of his recognized ability and good character, he was received. In his studies there, he was always faithful and thorough, and gradually developed a rare power of close analysis and original thought, which made him easily the leader of his class. But it was not till his Senior year that a great blessing came to him, which lifted him into a new life. He afterwards described it to his wife as something sudden, "as though a great, thick skin had sloughed off from him, and

fallen at his feet, after which he could go and do and bear for Jesus.'

He was so thoroughly the product of Christian training that when, in his summer vacation, he made an evangelistic tour into the villages around Tungcho, he had a sudden revelation of sin and squalor that appalled him. At the prayer-meeting following his return, he gave an account of his journey. We listened with bated breath as he told how from childhood he had grown up with the missionaries, and his ideas of Chinese life and character had been formed from what he saw about him. But this tour had taught him the poverty, wretchedness, sin, and blinding superstition of his people. Great tears rolled down his cheeks as he related how startling was the revelation. "Oh! we are naked and poor and blind, and we do not know it. Who can save us? Only God! only God! But we don't want him. *We don't want him.*" God be praised that, in the revelation of his country's need, he received also the revelation of Christ's great love, and of his power to save. The above experience only deepened the desire, and fixed the determination, to give his life to the uplifting of his country.

The one marked thing during the remainder of his course was that he was intent on learning the secret of winning men to Christ. His mother was already a Christian, but his father's one thought seemed to be to save every possible cash, and his stingy soul grew smaller, and his mind still more

dwarfed. It did not seem as if there was a crack anywhere for the entrance of spiritual ideas. But the son was not dismayed. His patience in teaching and tenderly persuading his father was pathetic. Finally, the soul that had become so dwarfed, suddenly shrank back at sight of its own image, and he sank down on his knees, and besought the Lord to save him. How joy gleamed like stars through the tear-filled eyes of his son, when he told us of this miracle. Need we write that such an experience as this has no place in ordinary Chinese life and thought? And, indeed, it is not of this world. For the son it showed a celestial training, while to the father it was a celestial birth.

Pastor Chang deeply felt how much he owed to his training at Tungcho. After going out on a tour, and seeing young men going about with the manure baskets, acting as scavengers, along the country roads, he has been heard to say with feeling, "I should be carrying a manure basket, if I had never heard anything better," and he was profoundly grateful for the new life and the broader vision that had been opened to him.

After leaving the seminary, his health became poor, but he grew steadily stronger in his country station, where he did four years of faithful work, laying the foundations of the Yung Lo Tien Church. From that place, although the youngest of our preachers, he was called to be our pastor. He would hardly be called an eloquent preacher,

though at times he was eloquent. But, being in love with the Bible, and having right habits of study and prayer, he always brought his congregation a helpful and original and uplifting message. Alas that the Boxers destroyed all his sermons and journals! He was also a most faithful pastor, keeping unwearying watch over his flock, while laboring much for those who were distinctly heathen.

Passing by with this brief mention of his life-work, we wish to mention a case of church discipline which rocked the church to its foundation, and which at once revealed the pastor's deep concern for the purity of the church, his uncompromising devotion to duty, and his unflinching courage. It was a case of flagrant though secret immorality, and the parties were some of them related to his family, while one was a trusted helper, and a friend from childhood, all making exposure peculiarly difficult. But, after a long struggle, he determined to meet it. He knew it might cost him long-time friendships, his reputation, his pastorate, and perhaps his ministerial standing. But the sin was so black, a canker eating out the life of the church, that he could not hesitate, though it should cost him not only his living, but his life. This decision he reached after consultation with his other self, not overlooking the five little boys dependent upon him. He first sought the helper, and charged the sin upon him, only to be met with angry denial. This was followed by

private meetings with those most prominent in the work of the church, and sides were taken sharply. Sometimes it seemed as if our pastor was himself on trial, and the parties accused were, after all, innocent. But he held firmly to his statement, declaring that he knew, and that others knew, it was true. Once or twice during the progress of the case, he lost his splendid poise, and allowed his tongue to say some bitter words. But the circumstances were aggravating, and nearly all his friends seemed forsaking him. He was accused of jealousy, and of being under an apron government, and listening to woman's prattle until he was ready to believe anything. None but those nearest to him ever knew the pain he suffered from the estrangement of those he loved.

After several days of bitter trial, the helper in a sudden mood of penitence confessed his sin, the guilty parties were excommunicated and moved away. Then came the revelation of our pastor's integrity and nobleness. The experience was a lesson in respect to sin and church discipline never to be forgotten. From that time the church was preparing for the marvelous revival which came to us a little later. But the pastor, while laboring with untiring zeal to prepare the way for such a work, was not to witness it. Consumption already had its grip on him, though we did not know it, and this severe ordeal had sapped the last remnant of his life forces. He was invited to the sunny chamber of our home outside the city, and there,

after a month of suffering, bravely borne, he fell asleep. How patient and beautiful he was in his illness! How grateful for every care given him! How he enjoyed the quiet, clean room, the clean sheets, the daily bath, the little attentions, in all of which his wife was so faithful and tender. "Daily Light" and "Thomas a Kempis" were his constant companions. He made a brave fight for life, yet when he learned that the end was near, he bowed sweetly to the Father's will, which he had learned to think of as the sweetest thing in life. And when, by his bedside, we talked of heaven so near, and of friends he would meet before we might see them, he listened with a keen, expectant interest. The wife and bairns he was sure would not be forgotten by the good Father. It seemed the dying-bed of a saint. When the angel with the icy fingers was feeling for his heart-strings, his wife asked, "Is it peace?" With a beautiful smile he said, "Peace."

CHARACTERISTICS OF PASTOR CHANG.

Self-respect. This was a very noticeable characteristic. A man must have a proper self-respect to be great. This was happily combined with real humility. He was conscious of his own uprightness, and he must have been, to some extent, conscious of his power. When chosen as pastor, he accepted modestly, yet without any protest of unfitness, the judgment of others. He never apol-

ogized when taking the chief place, while, on the other hand, he was never self-assertive. This gave a quiet dignity to all he did, and helped him to be a pastor in his own home, with a congregation made up partly of seminary students and seminary graduates older than himself.

Honesty. We never heard of his trying to drive a sharp bargain, or making a cash unlawfully, or of uttering statements which were not wholly true; a splendid record for any man. Any insincerity on the part of others met with a faithful rebuke. His integrity was publicly and right royally acknowledged by many in the revival, which followed so closely on his death. One of his closest friends told us how he had cherished hard feelings toward the pastor. Then, suddenly, turning his streaming eyes to heaven, he cried out, "Pastor Chang, you were right, and we were wrong." United with his integrity was a strong sense of justice, and he was often sought as a peacemaker.

Sympathy. He had a deep sympathy with all in distress, and made many private gifts, outside his regular contributions, from his small salary.

Devotion to Duty. This amounted with him almost to a passion. No journey was too long, no day too cold or too hot, and alas! no weakness was too great, nor service too exacting, when it called him to any duty in the church. It was only by quiet insistence, and by offering to stand in his place, that at last he gave over the struggle.

High Standards. He set a high standard for

himself, as also for his wife and children. Any failure to reach it was likely to meet with less sympathy than it deserved, and hence he sometimes seemed unsympathetic.

His Reading. He had a deep love for the Bible. Besides the Bible, he was much drawn to "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and recommended it to others. He had also a small but well-chosen library, and kept abreast of such literature as was available.

Companionship. He was a delightful companion, liked a good time, appreciated a joke, and was free and natural in conversation, in these respects as unlike the ordinary Chinese scholar as possible. He "spoke such good thoughts natural." He was the quickest and most responsive to new ideas of any Chinaman we have ever met. A beautiful smile would often light up his face, showing his teeth, which were kept pearly white.

Loyalty to China. He was most loyal to his country. The rottenness of China no one could denounce as he, and yet he had the greatest respect for his people, and he believed in and worked for a distinctly Chinese church.

To the above it may be added that his clothing was always neat, also that he insisted on order and neatness in his home. The wall paper was white—so rare in China—partly because he had invented a method for carrying off the smoke from his little Chinese furnace. He taught his children

obedience and good manners, and it was a pleasure to visit his home.

One of his classmates writes of him thus: "He was upright in heart, far-reaching in perception, with broad ideas and plans, enduring work manfully, bearing malice sweetly, ready to help any good, quick to right any wrong. Oh that I might be like him!" One of his friends has written, "His was a wonderful character, wonderful anywhere."

Our dear, dear pastor, how we have missed him since he was taken up! The Boxers must needs desecrate his grave, but he was far away out of their reach, at rest in the blessed home above the stars.

CHAUNCEY GOODRICH.

SARAH B. GOODRICH.

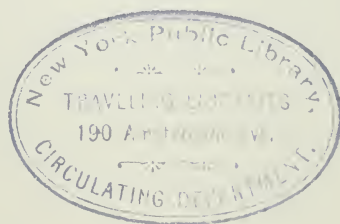
CHAPTER IX.

PASTOR MENG, OF PAOTINGFU.

On my arrival at Peking in 1865, I found the Rev. William C. Burns, of blessed memory, at work in rendering Bunyan's immortal story into the Mandarin Colloquial, a book that will be read by millions of Chinese in the coming years; a book—shall we add?—that should be read by all students of Mandarin. Was this Mr. Burns' greatest work? I do not know. He was by choice a winner of souls. The next year—or was it the following?—he made a journey 180 miles to the south-southwest from Peking, to the market town of T'ang Feng. From this place as a center, for a month he made short tours in that region. As the immediate result of that work, three men were interested, all of whom were finally received into the church. Of these men, one became a Christian of the average good standing. (Alas that there should ever be "average" Christians!) One of them, in the course of years, became, first a colporter, then a scandal, afterwards the leader of a band of robbers, and was finally beheaded. He had some desire for goodness, but a genius for wickedness. The third was the father of Pastor Meng, of whom this sketch is written.



PASTOR MENG AND FAMILY.



Mr. Meng was the head of a small band of militia, a man of free, generous instincts, often entertaining his men at his own charges, as he once told me, and drinking freely with them. He was a yeoman of good standing in the place, owning enough land to furnish a comfortable living. Gradually, through his extravagant generosity and his convivial habits, his land was pawned away, and he was left with only a poor shanty to cover himself, his wife and five bairns. It should be written that Mr. Meng had withal an appetite for spiritual truths. He had already sought peace in Buddhism and in Taoism, both leaving him in a state of unrest and suspense. It was in this condition that the gospel "found him." For a month, evening by evening, he sat at the feet of Mr. Burns, drinking in the strange, new story.

Nothing more was known of Mr. Meng till July of 1873. At that time the Rev. Isaac Pierson and Dr. A. O. Treat were quartered in an inn in the city of Paotingfu, where for three months they had been struggling for a foothold. The bottom of the sky seemed to have dropped out. The rain poured in torrents, and the country was flooded. Suddenly, one evening, Mr. Meng appeared, and told his story: of the visit of Mr. Burns; of the wonderful Book he had left; of how, in the troublous times of 1868, when the land was filled with insurgents, he would go away by himself and read it and get comfort; of how, some two months previous to his coming, his wife had said to him,

“You say that you believe those books tell the truth, and that men ought to worship Jesus and not these idols. Then, why don’t you do it?” He replied, “I do believe it, and I will. When shall we begin?” “Right off,” she said; “to-morrow morning.” And, true to their convictions, they at once destroyed their idols, and began to read the New Testament together, and to pray. A few months later he was received to the church. From that time onward, till the chariot of fire came, some twenty years later, he lived as in a new world. Old things had passed away. He was humble, receptive, ready for any duty, shrinking from no cross, earnest, generous and sunny-hearted. And in all right living he was reinforced by his good wife. During his life, more than a score of persons were won to Christ by his personal efforts.

Such was the soil from which sprang the two pastors Meng, and their sister, a Bible reader—three royal souls. The names by which we knew them as children were “Ch’ang Ch’un” (“Always Spring”), “Ch’ang So” (“Always Locked”), and “Ss Me” (“Think of the Beautiful”).

Some three years ago Pastor Meng (Che Hsien) wrote a short account of himself, translated by Miss Lizzie Pierson, from which an extract is taken here. “I wish to tell you a little of the great blessing that has come to all our family. My lamented father was the first fruit of the Pao-tingfu work. . . . When finally he heard the gospel, it was as if he had discovered a most

precious jewel, and he at once cast away the false doctrine he had previously believed. He did not content himself with having gained salvation for himself, but determined to take us two brothers up from our home in the country, to study in the Christian school at Paotingfu. At that time I was not more than ten years old. When I arrived at the age of sixteen, I listened once to a minute description of the trial of Jesus before the Sanhedrim and Pilate, and of the suffering and ignominy he endured, even unto death. My conscience was pricked to the quick, and for a week I wept. I then earnestly sought baptism, and I determined to give my life to the work of preaching Christ, as a small partial payment for the dying grace of our Lord. The picture of the death of our Lord Jesus is constantly before my mind and heart. After my baptism, Dr. Goodrich took me to Tungcho, where I studied in the school and Theological Seminary. During all these years I assisted in preaching during vacations. At the age of thirty (some thirteen years ago) I was ordained to the ministry. My brother was ordained at the age of thirty-one. Two brothers ordained to the ministry is no uncommon thing in America. In China it marks a most wonderful favor from God. It is my strong hope that the Lord Jesus will use us two brothers, as he used Moses and Aaron, to lead multitudes out from the place of bondage. As I look back to the period before we two became Christians, I think how poverty-stricken and base

was our condition. Our daily occupations were collecting fuel in the fields and by the roadside, and gathering manure in the filthy streets. In comparison with the holy calling we now pursue, it is like the contrast between heaven and earth. Is not this due to the Lord's wonderful mercy?"

Miss Jennie G. Evans, of Tungcho, writes me as follows: "You know of his conversion, and of his grandmother's desire that he should stay with her, and not follow the family and become a Christian. But he laid down his hoe in the field, and went where the missionary was preaching, and decided to find the God his father had found. You brought him to Peking, where I first met him, and from there he entered school, a classmate of Pastor Chang. As a young man he was firm and decided in his views, sometimes as decided in what we thought wrong, and it was hard to convince him. But when he was convinced, nothing would change him back to the old way. He was always a power in the school, and always for right. He was my stay and help. All through those years I felt I had a pillar to lean against. . . . I have been with him in country work, and saw how he drew the people to him."

The above will give some picture of the boy and the young man, a person of quick, right, generous impulses, a born leader of men, led himself by a strong conscience. He was faithful in his studies, graduating with honor. But it was in the battle of life, rather than in the study, that he was a

power. For more than twenty years a preacher in city and country, he threw himself with all the force of his strong nature into the great work. His sermons were not polished, but were vigorous and earnest like himself.

For fourteen years he was pastor, and for a considerable part of that time he had sole pastoral charge of the church in Paotingfu, and of the large country district, including a total church membership of about six hundred, besides children and inquirers. A most difficult place to fill! And sometimes we feared that between the responsibilities and the temptations, he might break down. But he grew in strength and in sweetness of character to the end.

He was inducted into the evangelistic work by the Rev. Isaac Pierson, who was most faithful in guiding his small band of helpers in their itinerant labors, and training them to work the field. Some paragraphs written by Mr. Pierson will be of interest.

“During the famine of 1878, though but eighteen years of age, he was one of the bravest and most faithful assistants of Dr. Ament and myself. Those were perilous times. Murder and highway robbery were frequent, and ‘the pestilence that walketh in darkness’ was a constant menace, but the youth never flinched. . . . I never knew him to flinch a duty or to seek the easiest place in any effort, but rather, as by a birthright, he quietly took the hardest and most difficult part of every

enterprise that came to him. And he did it in a beautiful, self-forgetting way that made it easier for others to follow. On Sundays, in his turn, he used to preach in Ch'ing Liang Cheng. He would start off on Sunday morning with a glad good cheer, to walk ten miles there, preach and teach all day, and then back again in the evening.

"Inheriting much of the kindness of heart of his father and brother, he was better known for his quick perception of right, and his entire absence of self in fulfilling it. In the last social gathering at Tungcho, he quietly announced that his duty called him to go to Paotingfu, for Mr. Pitkin was alone. And he went, though he knew it was into the gravest peril, and, alas! it proved to be into death. If angels in heaven merely 'sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss,' I fear our beloved martyr will not be very happy there. But if they have heroic duties to fulfill, Pastor Meng will be the peer of the gladdest.

"After the death of the father, and acting on his request, the two young men came to me, and requested leave of absence, to go to their ancestral home, some 130 miles distant, and bury their paternal grandparents and great-grandparents, whose remains had not been buried, but kept for twenty years in great coffins. The brothers took all their savings, borrowing also quite a sum on the security of their wages, and went and performed these solemn rites with Christian services, returning with somewhat the same feeling that

Joseph had after burying his father in the cave of Machpelah.

"Che Hsien was the first Chinaman in Paotingfu to do his own courting. He came to me late one summer evening, and, sitting down by my side, approached the subject with commendable directness. He first hinted, and then asked that I would act as go-between, and secure for him Miss Chang T'sui. I replied in Puritanical fashion, 'Speak for yourself, Ch'ang Chun.' That was an entirely new idea in his conception. But he retired, and the next evening appeared with a merry face, saying he had done so and it was all right.

"Che Hsien was always cheerful, and his laugh was the merriest and most contagious I ever heard in China." So far the testimony of one who had the most intimate acquaintance with our beloved martyr.

In the early spring of 1900, after the wonderful revival at T'ungho, myself and my other self, with three of our students (young men who had received the baptism of fire), went to Paotingfu to help for a few days. Earnest work had been done in preparation for the Spirit's coming. The few days there were days of great blessing. One of the first to rise with words of penitence on his lips was Pastor Meng. He said substantially: "It is a great grief to me that I have not been more faithful, and that I have allowed worldly things to interfere with my great work of winning souls. Pray that the Lord will forgive me, and give me

new grace to labor in his kingdom from this time forward. Here I consecrate myself anew to the Lord's work." He sat down, and for the remainder of the meeting the great teardrops fell fast from his eyes. With what love and winning power he preached those days, and labored with his people. In the same spirit he went to the annual meeting in May at Tungcho, from which he returned in haste, soon to meet his baptism of blood.

Our dear pastor was the first of all that royal company to be seized by the Boxer fiends, and to be caught up from their unholy hands by the chariot of fire. Rev. J. W. Lowrie, of Paotingfu, writes: "On the afternoon of Thursday, 28th of June, while Pastor Meng was packing the books in the street chapel within the city, preparatory to removing everything and sealing up the chapel, he was suddenly seized, bound and carried to a temple occupied by the Boxers. Mr. Pitkin sent his card to the police court to secure his release, but in vain, and after a night of suffering he was beheaded, and buried behind the temple in a ditch. In the month of December his body was reverently removed from this burial-place and coffined. The hands, still bound behind the back, were released, and the head laid in its proper place by the younger brother of the deceased, and by the Christians present, some thirty in number." It is a very short story, but nearly all we shall ever know till we hear it from his lips in the Celestial City.

Pastor Meng's four children were seized, and

all killed save Titus the eldest, a boy twelve or thirteen years old, of winning face and manners. He came out manfully for Christ in the revival mentioned above. One of the Boxers was so charmed and touched by the boy's sweet face, that he begged the others to save him, and wished to bring him up as his own son. It reminds one of the story of Moses. That arrangement was not, however, to continue. Not long since, a Japanese Christian gentleman of means saw him, and begged the privilege of educating the boy, promising to return him to China as soon as the school curriculum should be completed. His terms were at length accepted, and, by this strange turn in the wheel of Providence, Titus is now in Japan with his new friend. May it not be that some who read this sketch shall add the dear boy's name to the list of those for whom they pray?

In March of the present year there was a memorial service for the martyrs, native and foreign, of Paotingfu. The official part of it was a most imposing Chinese pageant, while the service was pathetic and memorable. In this service Meng received especial honor, and it was everywhere apparent how widely he was honored and loved.

Let me add here the testimony of two friends who labored side by side with Pastor Meng for the last seven years. Rev. Geo. Henry Ewing, of Paotingfu, writes: "When I first met Meng Che Hsien in the winter of 1893-4, he impressed me as a tall, not unhandsome man, with a quick, nervous

manner of speech ; a man of much energy, very conscientious, and realizing the earnestness of life. It was apparent that, owing to the comparatively late period when his education began, he had never commanded the polished style or dignified bearing of his younger brother when in the pulpit. But his cheerful optimism, and simple faith in God, made him none the less effective as a preaching helper. He was never ashamed to witness for those truths in the Christian religion which, while most vital, are so often to the heathen mind a stumbling-block and rock of offence. How often have I heard him in the street chapel upbraiding the people for the sin of worshiping the 'five sacred animals,' a temple to which stood near to one corner of the city. What an irony that as a victim he should be led captive to this temple, and there beheaded for his faith!

"Pastor Meng ranked high as a peacemaker between the Christians and their numberless enemies. His skill and wisdom, tempering justice with mercy, commanded our admiration. For this ability, and the love which begot it, also for his faithful pastoral care bestowed upon the weaker Christians in the country out-stations, he was universally beloved. He was emphatically an unselfish man."

Mrs. Ewing also writes of him, as follows: "As I think of the man who for nearly seven years was our brother in the work in Paotingfu, it is with the profoundest respect and admiration. . . . I remember especially one Sabbath, some years ago, when, after a sermon on giving a tenth to the Lord,

he came to us and resolved (a resolve always afterward kept faithfully) to give a tenth of all that he had to the Lord. From his small salary he gave liberally and cheerfully whenever he found a need. He was *always* cheerful. When his wife and little girl died, he took it so beautifully that at the time I almost thought he didn't care quite so much as he ought to. But I believe now that it was the childlike simplicity of trust in his Father's love and wisdom, which was so eminently a part of his every-day life, that helped him in those days of sorrow and trouble. I never saw him afraid. I can't imagine him afraid, not even when confronted with death itself. . . . Thoroughly unselfish and beautiful in character, we thank God that He let our lives touch his, for the lessons learned from him, and for the years of precious friendship with Pastor Meng, whom to know was to love and honor."

What else shall we write but a word of gratitude to God, who gave us such a worker, pastor, Christian, friend, for all his work and life; and a sigh that he must needs be caught away from us, when the fields are so white, and the laborers almost none?

And one word more. Sometimes the Holy Spirit makes a splendid pattern of a Christian here, and apparently with as great ease as though the subject belonged to any other race. Does this suggest the possibilities and the future of China?

CHAUNCEY GOODRICH.

CHAPTER X.

WONG PING SAN,

POET, MUSICIAN, SAINT.

First Pastor of the Shanghai Chinese Baptist Church.

Pastor Wong is the author of the following and other hymns:

Before my lips break forth in praise,
My tears should downward flow,
From thinking o'er my countless faults—
A life of sin and woe.

A fearful hell of endless night,
One seemed to drag me there;
A thousand thoughts distressed my mind
And plunged me in despair.

But God has opened wide the door,
Has sent his only Son,
Who shed for me his precious blood
And saved the hopeless one.

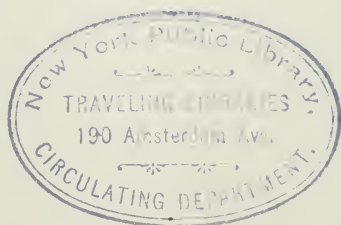
With weeping thanks for saving grace,
My help the Holy Ghost,
I cast myself and all I have
On thee, my Saviour Christ.

Mr. M. F. Crawford has written very interestingly of this man, familiarly known as "Pastor Wong."

He first came to foreigners in the capacity of a teacher for a day school for girls. He not only



WONG-PING-SAN.



performed his duties well, but at once took an interest in the religious teaching; he was by nature inquisitive and religious. He himself said that "when he was seventeen he was a diligent inquirer after truth."

It is said he was once a Taoist priest. And he had delved into the mysteries of Buddhism and the doctrines of Confucianism. He knew their philosophy, their chants, and their ceremonies. But he had found nothing to satisfy his soul.

He turned to the Christian religion. His struggles were long and bitter. His mind was greatly agitated. But he thought how much better would be eternal life than either transmigration or annihilation.

While in this state of mind he one day brought a sketch representing a soul sitting in the clouds, looking down on its deserted skeleton as it lay stretched upon the ground. A verse of poetry described the soul's emotion as it contemplated its former habitation.

He was set to transcribe the Gospel of Matthew. As he wrote sentence after sentence his heart was moved. He felt the power and life in the wondrous story. He said to Mr. Crawford, "My heart is near the heart of Jesus." "I have broken only a few of the commandments, and I think I can henceforth keep them all."

Mr. Crawford taught him the true doctrine of the law, and that offending in one point was to be guilty of all. Wong was startled. He reflected.

He saw it was true. He began to cry mightily for help.

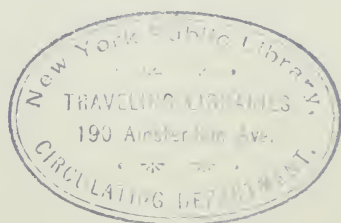
There was no acquaintance who could sympathize with him, and no one to go to but the foreigner. He even thought foreigners might be in some way different from his people and perhaps Chinese could not experience the same peace and joy in believing. He had been taught, however, that he could have the same blessings as soon as he was in a spiritual condition to receive them.

One day he began to read the Lord's Prayer. Between each petition he paused to examine himself whether it was said in all sincerity. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." He stopped. "'As we forgive!' Ah! I have not forgiven some of my old enemies. I will do it—I *do forgive them all.*" At this moment he felt his sins like a great house come crumbling to the ground, and the love of God filled his heart. There was great joy when he related his experience to us.

It is very interesting to read of his ideas about entering the church. When asked if he wished to enter the church, he said: "If the church is what you say it is, and what I read of in the Holy Book, I wish to do so. Many vile things are said about the foreigners and their religion. I do not credit them. But if you have secret rites or practices, I do not pledge myself to them. If Christianity is what I see and believe it to be, I wish to unite with you and follow the Lord."



CHINESE BAPTIST CHURCH, SHANGHAI.
(Associated with "Wong-Ping-San.")



When he was baptized he was so overcome with emotion that his strength gave way, and he had to be assisted out of the water. He found it almost impossible to make his neighbors believe that he did not receive money, or some other consideration, for becoming a Christian.

His conversion and his zealous labors were the beginning of a religious interest in Shanghai which lasted several years, and resulted in the baptism of seventeen or eighteen persons. Wong was the natural leader of the rest, and in a few years was ordained the first deacon of the Shanghai Baptist Church.

He was an earnest, fearless and persistent preacher. In 1863 he became associated with Dr. Yates in translating the New Testament into the Shanghai dialect, and in other religious work. This gave him intimate and accurate Scriptural knowledge.

Three years later he was ordained to the ministry and became co-pastor of the church. In later years most of the pastoral duties fell to him. He was not only an acknowledged leader among the Baptist brotherhood, but held a high place in the estimation of Christians of other denominations. He was often consulted by them on important religious matters; and he was general adviser to his own flock on all questions—secular as well as religious.

Early in 1890, after a few days of illness, he fell asleep in Jesus, deeply regretted by us all. His

wife had been a Christian and helpmeet for many years. They reared a large family.

Their eldest son (called "Tsong" from having been adopted into his sister's family) has been in the employ of the Chinese Religious Tract Society for forty years. He edits the *Illustrated Chinese News* and *Child's Paper*. His son was educated in America, and is now a professor in the Anglo-Chinese College, Shanghai.

Another grandson is in the Baptist Anglo-Chinese School. A granddaughter is a teacher in the Methodist Mission.

Pastor Wong's youngest son, Sing San (Zion), has been connected with the British and Foreign Bible Society for some twenty years, and is now accountant in that society. He is a deacon in his church, also.

Wong's sympathies were broad, and he had unusual originality of thought for a Chinese.

He had also great respect for women. He once, after aiding in translating a story for children, was asked for criticisms upon it. He replied, "Let me take it home and read it to my wife. If there are any defects, her fine perceptions will detect them."

As a preacher, he spoke to the consciences of men, earnestly and faithfully urging them to flee the wrath to come, and trust the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. He often related the story of his own conversion.

He remained, to the last, modest and unpretend-

ing in manner, never presuming upon the influence he had gained over others.

Socially he was an interesting companion, genial, and instructive in conversation, possessed of a ready wit and a philosophical turn of mind. His expressions often fixed themselves in the minds of his hearers.

Wong Ping San was a poet as well as a musician. Some of his verses, a sample of which stands at the head of this article, were pronounced by competent critics to be the best in the Chinese language.

He had a great reputation as peacemaker among his people. And he has left a blessed memory.

CHAPTER XI.

DEACON WONG, OF SHANGHAI.

Deacon Wong was born near Shanghai, on Chinese New Year's Day, 1819. He was a welcome and valuable New Year's gift to his country, and to the cause of Christ.

When a boy he worked on the farm with his father. A spirit of enterprise stirred within him, and when sixteen he came to Shanghai and became an apprentice in a rice-shop. In three years more he opened a shop of his own.

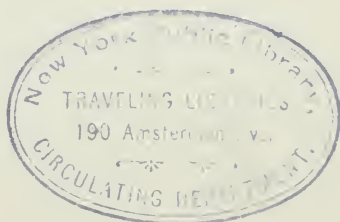
Not until he was forty years of age did he hear the gospel—from Mr. Carpenter, of the Seventh-day Baptist Mission.

The next year he was baptized by Rev. M. T. Yates, D. D., and joined the Baptist Church of the Southern Baptist Convention. He at once began to close his shop on Sundays. The Chinese reported that he received ten dollars a month from foreigners for doing so.

Countrymen who had brought rice to market, had so much confidence in him that they would wait until Monday. Then, if he could not buy, they secured from him the true market price of the day, so that other dealers could not cheat them. He dated his great prosperity from the time he became a Christian.



DEACON WONG, OF SHANGHAI.



None of his family were as yet Christians, and his wife would secretly sell rice to customers while her husband was at church. A little later Mrs. Yates, accompanied by some of the women of the household, went to his home and taught his wife the gospel, and she, too, became a Christian, and a helpmeet to her husband. He continued in the rice business until he was fifty-eight, when he opened a cloth store. He has been very successful, and owns much land and houses.

In 1885 he bought a lot inside the city, near the West Gate, and built a small chapel on it. Here he preached the gospel regularly and faithfully for many, many years. He also gave away books, tracts and other literature. Thus did he manifest a tender and practical interest in the salvation of his people.

He has always been economical; his habit has always been to walk when others rode, and this money he gave to the poor. His benevolence is rather remarkable. It is almost a literal fact that he has never refused when asked for help. He has lost money by leniency with debtors. He has lost a large amount of rent money—he can not resist the importunity of a tenant. In cases of distress they stay rent free. It is his declared intention to fulfill the gospel injunction, “To them that ask, turn not away.” He really seems to love his neighbor as himself.

For many years he was deacon—hence his popular title, “Deacon Wong.” In 1898 he became pas-

tor of the church, without salary. He was quite old, but still strong, and able to preach well.

A few years ago he lost about twenty-five thousand dollars in the cloth business, through the dishonesty of clerks. But he did not grieve over his loss. He said he brought nothing into the world, and it was certain he could carry nothing out of it. Such cheerful resignation is not too common in Christian lands. He seems to be somewhat distinguished because he takes his religion so seriously and literally. But all the more honor to him. He even refused to prosecute the head man in the store, although the man showed no contrition.

Although he is now too old to preach regularly, he is never missing in his pew unless on account of sickness, and continues, even since his great money loss, to contribute in the same liberal spirit, to all the work of the church, and to works of charity.

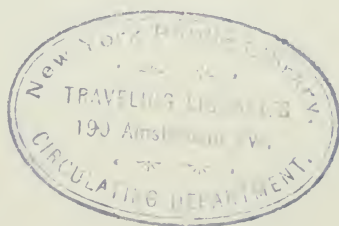
His most distinguishing traits are purity of life, humility, cheerful faith in God, and liberality. In each of these he excels.

In his old age he has become a prophet to his people. With earnest face and uplifted hand he declares the wonder-working power of God. He recounts the mercies of the past, and, with prophetic vision, portrays the triumphs of the kingdom soon to appear within the borders of his native land. He unites the glowing faith of age with the enthusiasm of youth.

Even in his younger days he used to preach until



CHURCH BUILT BY DEACON WONG, OF SHANGHAI.



too exhausted to walk home until he had rested. And now he uses the last vestige of strength in foretelling the certain victories that await the faithful proclamation of the truth in the Empire of China, he himself being a living witness of its power and a monument of its grace.

Dr. Yates said of him: "Wong is a liberal Christian. When anything is required that calls for contributions, he craves the privilege of doing it or of having a large share in it."

And about the chapel he built, and the work in it: "The chapel is unique and a very nice place. Here Wong is monarch of all he surveys. He preaches regularly three afternoons in each week. I call in occasionally and find his place full of attentive listeners. But my presence does not daunt him. He points me to a chair in the 'amen' corner until he has finished. Then he tells the audience that he is a mere novice, that the old pastor will speak to them more satisfactorily. Before I get through I can see that he is just effervescing to get another chance at his congregation. Sure enough, when I descend he mounts the pulpit and hammers away for another half hour. Now, this is the direction in which we want to go. I have long worked and prayed for spontaneous work. Wong and his noble acts are an inspiration to all. He has pointed out a new and better way. He is a forerunner in ushering in the self-support and religious spontaneity so desirable in China."

CHAPTER XII.

HELPER LI, OF TUNG CHOW,

ONE OF THE MARTYRS.

The village of Tsaofang, not far from the city of Tung Chow (fifteen miles from Peking), was the home of Li Te Kwei. The family were in very moderate circumstances, yet managed with industry to support themselves from the few acres of land they owned.

Li Te Kwei turned "donkey-driver" during the winter months; that is, he made the donkey support itself during those months by carrying passengers between Peking and Tung Chow. It may be said that this is a very humble occupation, and it will readily be believed that very, very few "donkey-drivers" have ever achieved distinction or prominence.

The father died when the children were all young, and the care of the family came upon the mother, with the help of Li Te Kwei, as he became older.

At the age of eighteen (not an early age in China), he was married to the daughter of a woman in the employ of the missionaries in Tung Chow. Her son, from the time he was a little boy, had studied in the mission school, and in time

both mother and son became Christians, but the daughter was in this heathen home.

It was this family that one of the young helpers, going about from village to village, found. Little by little, step by step, this faithful young man, not much older than Li, led him on.

For months, all the teaching he received was from this young man, who went there regularly each week until Li was induced to visit the missionaries and attend the church services. It was not long before he believed with his whole heart, became a great student of the Bible, and every Sabbath was found in his place in the church, and happy to impart what he had learned, to others.

One of the missionaries, seeing what an earnest man he was, and how faithful in everything, took him into his employ as a servant, thus bringing him within reach of daily instruction, which was a great joy to him.

One of the Bible classes in the school was taught in the evening; he joined, and, as the teacher can testify, was one of the most interested members. Thus for two years he filled a servant's place until it was clear that he could enter a larger sphere, and he was asked to join the theological class and fit for his life-work. It was evident that God had called him to a higher enterprise. Most faithfully did he spend his years of preparation. Then came two years of preaching in the street chapel—faithful, earnest, hand-to-hand work. In those years many were brought into the church.

From the chapel work he was called to an important out-station, the home of his wife and many relatives. As one of the results of his efforts here, three families were led into the truth. When the massacre came, this church was almost swept away—forty-five being killed, among them his mother-in-law, his own sister and her husband and some children.

During his seminary course, and while engaged in his work, his own family was not forgotten. When his mother knew that he had become a Christian, she was very angry and looked upon it as very sinful that he should leave the gods she trusted, to follow, as she said, “the foreigners.” She railed at him and persecuted him, all of which he suffered with a patient, loving spirit, his happy face always speaking of the peace within. He prayed, worked and waited.

After ten years of constant work for souls, his health failed. For two months it seemed that his work here on earth was done; then, when a little better, he went to visit his mother, telling her that when he was so sick he thought he must die, his heart was at peace and he was very happy, because he knew the Saviour he trusted had a place prepared for him. “If I had not believed God, how could I have had this hope?”

This time the whole family was moved, and he soon had the great joy of knowing that not only his mother, but his grandmother, brother, and his wife, had all come out on the side of Christ. Li

Te Kwei's patience and love had conquered, and his prayers were answered.

Many of his family laid down their lives for their Master during those fearful months of the summer of 1900. They were not all together when the end came, but oh the joy of that reunited family around the throne above!

After Helper Li's work at Fu Ho, he was called to a larger and more important place (Gung-lo-tien), and here he cared for the little flock with untiring love and faithfulness for ten years. We do well to try to realize what a term of ten years in such a ministry means. The preaching, the teaching, the visitation, the administration of ordinances, the performance of marriage and funeral ceremonies—these we understand in the West. But in a Chinese pastorate there is the additional burden of personal, family, financial and social affairs, inevitable in China, but entirely unknown with us.

He strengthened the faith and courage of his people. By faithful preaching and a beautiful life, he drew many more to the Saviour, and with great tact he adjusted the misunderstandings and troubles of his bishopric. Not only so. He went out into the surrounding villages, in true apostolic fashion, and taught with zeal the doctrine of eternal life. And here he was working when the tragic end came.

Two of the missionary ladies were there only three weeks before, and his great anxiety was for

them; he spent the greater part of the last night of their stay, on the roof of the house watching, expecting a mob before morning. He hurried us off early in the morning.

He well knew the danger, but was unwilling, himself, to leave the flock. Affairs grew more threatening. Only a short distance away a helper and some Christians were murdered. Now he realized that it was his duty to get away, if possible. He took his wife with her three-weeks-old baby, and his three other children, and went about collecting the members of his church. Then he started with this precious company for Tung Chow.

Not far out the Boxers surrounded them. Mr. Li, his wife and the four children were all cruelly murdered. Of the party, only two or three escaped. Thus died for his faith, our beloved helper—and what a true helper he was! He went to receive his crown. How true it was that he carried his sheaves with him.

What a joy it must have been that day, as he stood before his Lord, to present that little company as those whom his Saviour had permitted him to lead out of darkness into light, and now to stand in the very glorious presence of God himself, there to receive the crown he had so often told them was waiting for those who believed and were faithful unto death.

As a man his faithfulness was remarkable. And even when a child in a Chinese school he showed great love for his books. After becoming a Chris-

tian, the Bible was his delight. He studied it as for hidden treasures, and thus was qualified to be an excellent instructor in Bible truth. He was also distinguished as a man of prayer; he believed this was the source of power for all Christians.

He has gone from us, but he will live, not only enshrined in the hearts of his associates, but in the affections of the remaining Christians, as well as of those outsiders to whom he had shown his loving character and life. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

CHAPTER XIII.

REV. KWAN LOY.

[Autobiographical.]

I am a native of Nan-Hai prefecture. My father was a business man, with a fish-shop. My father prospered in business, and had built three houses—one each, for us—three brothers.

At seven I entered school, where I studied for eight years. I then entered the high school, and remained there for two years. The number of students was large, and although I was the most mischievous among them, my teacher took me for a good boy.

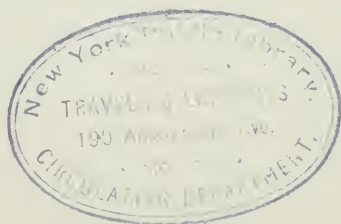
I then clerked in my father's store for a year, when he ordered me to America. Altogether, within fifty-six years, that is, from my birth in 1845 to the present, I have crossed the Pacific four times.

The first time I lived among the Indians, and later, not far from Vancouver. Here I remained for two years, and every day went to the shore to dig for gold in the sands. But this was poor pay, so I went to Portland, and then from place to place for two years more, with sad heart and empty pockets.

My uncle now ordered me to return to China, and I had to sell my bedding and what little fur-



REV. KWAN LOI, CANTON, CHINA.



niture I had, to get the necessary money. I married soon after reaching the home land.

My heart burns within me when I remember those years in which I beat aimlessly about the world. No one seemed to care for or pity me. I can see, however, how the grace of God was in it all. For he knew the roughness and crudeness of my character and gave me these hardships to train me and make me, if possible, a fit vessel for his use, to put down my pride, and mould me into a useful man.

I went back to America in 1868, and this time I strained every nerve to make money. I got twenty-five dollars a month. For four years I sent every dollar I could get, home. At the end of four years, I got the disheartening news that my father was dead, and had left debts behind him. My sorrows seemed more than I could bear, and it seemed to me it were better for me to leave such a world.

On the Sabbath day I went for a walk along a quiet street. I saw a Chinese enter a church, and I followed him. A foreigner asked me if I brought any books to study. I replied that I had no books, and no money to buy. I asked permission to read the Chinese scrolls and writings on the walls.

I read the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed and the Commandments—the latter made me feel very guilty. Then there were the hymns. One particularly, "Jesus, Wash Away My Sins," made a great impression. Even as I stood there, my bur-

dens seemed to grow lighter and my sorrows to partly vanish. When leaving the church I appropriated a small pamphlet with questions and answers written out in simple Chinese. On reading it I found it sweet as honey.

I had been in America seven years before entering a church. I now joined a class for the study of English. Rev. A. W. Loomis taught me my alphabet. I asked him to baptize me. He thought I needed more instruction. He induced me to buy a Bible. It was very precious to me. I studied it every spare moment. My eyes fill with tears of gratitude and thanksgiving when I think of how God led me at this time.

About this time I went to San Francisco, and fell in with some Young Men's Christian Association men. I was a member of the Junior Association. They introduced me to a convenient church. I was baptized in July, 1873.

Every Saturday evening I used to accompany a preacher, Mr. Dantsung, to Oakland, to assist him. He said he wanted me to go because of my ability in debate with the self-satisfied Chinese scholars.

In 1874 Dr. Loomis asked me to take, temporarily, the work of another minister, Mr. Ou-Yang, of Sacramento. I replied that such work would give me great joy, but that I did not feel qualified. Then he asked the Chinese brethren, and they said they knew of no one else. Then I agreed to help until some one else should be found.

In the daytime I preached in the factories and

at night helped in the school. There were many who remained to discuss religious topics. On Sundays I preached in the streets, and found there were many opportunities for doing good. The first year, five inquirers were converted and became members of the church.

Before coming here I received thirty dollars a month, but now got twenty, but although my master urged me, I did not feel at all inclined to return to him. I was happy. The next summer, four more men were converted. God's blessing was upon the work.

My aged mother now wanted to see me. But I had no money with which to return to her. The Sacramento brethren, hearing of it, sent me two hundred dollars for the journey. My mother looked upon me as having dropped down from heaven. I preached to her and all my relatives, but they doubted me and my teaching. The creditors of my father became so troublesome that I escaped to the city of Yang.

Having met Rev. Chas. Preston, he asked me to go with him into the city of Song-Mun, to help him preach. I told him I would accompany him so as to hear him preach. He laughed, and said if I was a good listener I could probably preach. So I helped him that day, and when we returned he asked me to go there every day. He was such a zealous man that I could not refuse, and so preached in that city for some months.

When I went home after this I noticed that the

family idols were not in their accustomed place. They told me that my mother had ordered them removed and burned. So I said to my mother, "You know how to throw away the false and retain the true." And we knelt in prayer.

Afterwards, when my mother fell sick, I nursed her for two months, and before she died she realized that Christ only could be her help. After the mourning was over, I went to my post, now in charge of Rev. B. C. Henry, D. D.

I was now chosen as an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church, Canton. Dr. Henry now directed me to work in my native place—Kiu-Kiang-Shu. Dr. Luk-Mai-tong came to assist. We rented and repaired a chapel. Usually I preached and then Dr. Luk dispensed medicines. Great crowds attended, and prospects were good.

This excited the ire of the rich men, who determined to drive us out. First they sent a native doctor to us. He said as his business had been ruined by us, he would expect us to keep him free of charge. We replied that those we treated free were the poor. If rich people came, we would charge them dearly. "Now we will treat the poor and you can treat the rich, and have the money." He went away angry and spoke evil of us.

Then the rich men sent my sister-in-law to me, who plead with me to leave and work elsewhere. She told me of the placards which were posted on the walls around the city denouncing me and using unutterably bad language about me. I replied

that I had offended no one and thought I would remain.

The next day there were red placards on the walls telling the people that we were the emissaries of foreigners, exhorting them not to believe the "spirit" teaching, and to prepare themselves against future danger. At the same time they offered four hundred dollars for my head. But we went on preaching and healing.

Four days afterwards a mob broke into the premises. One of the men said, "My mother, yesterday, after taking some of your medicine, died." They then took their bamboos and smashed all the furniture. Dr. Luk and I stood looking at them, but they did not harm us. After this, however, I took my wife away. It was in this year that she, by God's grace, was converted.

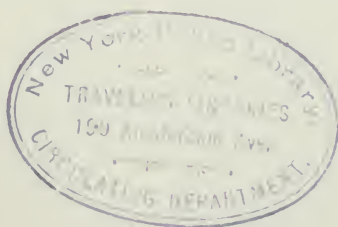
The magistrate repaired the chapel. We had been in it about a month, when a second mob, more fierce than the first, attacked us. Dr. Luk and I had to escape by the roof to save our lives. We made our way to a boat in the river, and escaped to Canton.

Under Dr. Henry's superintendence, Dr. Luk and I opened work in the city of Lan-chow. Here we preached and taught and made itinerating tours throughout the country.

In 1881 I was sent to Song-Mun to preach. Often I spoke to the hospital patients. Two years later, the First Church at Canton called me to be their minister. Still later, the Second Presbyte-

tian Church called me, and there I remained for seven years.

Then the old church at Liu-Chew sent me an urgent invitation to become their pastor. The Second Church did not seem willing to release me, so I had to decide for myself, and finally went to Liu-Chew. Now I remained here ten years. Sam-Kong and Ling-Woo are near-by places. In these three places under my charge, during this time, the number of believers has increased to 180. Many of these are weak, but I am compelled to think that my own weak faith and imperfect love are largely the cause of this. My one desire in life is to help men to a knowledge of the Saviour. And though I meet with dangers, and feel my own weakness, still, by God's help, I will go on.





OLD WANG.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD WANG,

THE FOUNDER OF PROTESTANTISM IN MANCHURIA.

Wang Ching Ming, or Wang the "Luminous," was, in 1872, a commission merchant in the busy port of Newchwang. He had a good business, which gave him a considerable amount of leisure.

For years he had been an earnest devotee of a strict Buddhist sect, driven thereto by a sense of sinfulness and a desire for Buddhistic peace, if not perfection. Buddhism was the most pure and earnest of any of the religions with which he was then acquainted. He was following the light as fast as it broke upon him.

He purchased a copy of the gospel, but was wholly unable to understand it, though he gave much time to its study. But after the opening of a chapel he came in contact with the preached Word, which is more easily understood. At this time he was so engrossed in Scripture study that he desisted from business altogether. As soon as he grasped the meaning of the gospel message, he became a believer.

The most earnest and sincere Buddhist may be an opium sot, or "opium fiend," as it is now termed

in San Francisco. Wang was a heavy smoker. Again and again he resolved and vowed to renounce opium; but again and again his best resolutions failed before the torturing craving when the usual hour for the pipe came round.

Feeling that he was becoming degraded as a man, as well as letting slip the opportunity of becoming a Christian, he, one morning, destroyed all of his opium utensils. The hour came, bringing the craving. It became insupportable. He threw himself upon his knees and prayed for deliverance. The cruel fight went on for three days and nights; but Wang, by his prayers and resolution, obtained the victory. He never smoked opium again. He became an inquirer and in due course was baptized.

Within a year thereafter, his change became so apparent that his younger brother, a merchant in Moukden, heard of it, and, on coming to see, he learned Christian truth, and became a believer. Henceforth the elder brother was known as "Old" Wang.

He went at once to preaching—such an ardent soul could do nothing else. His audiences bitterly mocked him. He replied: "Think you I would consent, for the paltry sum I receive from the foreigner, to stand here day after day to be vilified and taunted by you as a traitor to my country, a demon's slave, a foreigner, and such other names as your anger invents? I am no follower of the foreigner. The foreigner has given me the truth of heaven, and that truth I must follow. Let the

foreigner depart; we have the Bible, and we know the truth, and we will teach and repeat it if there be no foreigners in the land."

He was a man of such fearless enthusiasm that from the first he seemed to be chosen, as was Paul, for the work of planting the church among his fellows. Never after his baptism was he happy except when preaching. Whether to one or to many, to rich or to poor, he was ever not only ready, but glad, to preach to any willing to listen.

Wang's public preaching was gentle, kindly, even beseeching, showing in voice and manner a warm, sympathetic heart, and a yearning over the souls of men. His manner with young men was specially engaging; and most of his converts were of this class.

On one occasion, three missionaries, two of whom he had not seen before, walked into the midst of his congregation. As his eye lighted upon them, it beamed with pleasure. With a warm smile he turned towards them, bowing gracefully, and then continued his discourse, instead of abruptly concluding, as many would have done.

Once a young missionary, whom Wang esteemed very highly, called in at the latter's chapel, on his way to Moukden. Wang, with the usual pleasure with which he welcomed a pastor, at once produced a teapot and green tea to refresh the traveler. While the water was boiling, a man came into the front chapel to buy a Christian book. Wang went with the book to the man, and, in his eagerness to ex-

pound the way of salvation, continued to preach to him long after the water had boiled, teapot and tea having been entirely forgotten.

The first station opened out from Newchwang, that of Tappingshan, was opened by Old Wang. He first opened a school, and after two months of waiting with an empty schoolroom (owing to fear and prejudice), he was rewarded by the appearance of three boys as students, and soon the confidence of the people was gained. Many months of Christian instruction had not been given to the villagers before two husbands and their wives became applicants for baptism, one couple stating that they had never believed in idols.

The hungry and needy never appealed to him in vain. When summer came it transpired that Wang had paid three months of his own wages to such needy ones, whom he set to improve the roads of the village. This habit he continued, so much so that he was himself often in need of clothes. And one could see that this impulsive generosity, which made it impossible for him to eat if a hungry man was near, was precisely the same which made him the earnest and fearless preacher.

During his merchant days he had cut himself off from his own people. But now he began to send money to his mother and wife, for whose conversion he was anxious. A younger brother, away on the Mongolian plains, heard of these gifts of money from one who was to the family as if dead. Wondering what the new religion was which had con-

verted his brother from an opium sot to a dutiful son, he came all the way to Newchwang to see. The result was that he, too, became a Christian.

He afterwards opened work in Moukden, the capital, where almost every citizen was an opponent. By his wisdom, tact, humility, earnestness, knowledge and zeal, he made a great impression. Through him, largely, the church of Christ took shape in this important city.

But he met with strong and bitter opposition. The people believed that the missionary formed the vanguard of foreign aggression. They believed that Christianity was a political system. Many exponents of this doctrine manifested themselves in Moukden. A band of clever, well-dressed young gentlemen went daily to the chapel to pester the preachers, publicly avowing the design of driving Christianity out of the Manchu citadel. "Never!" they shouted, "never will there be a convert in this city while one of us lives. We will have no traitors in this city." For a year this defensive work went on, when it began to slowly gain momentum.

Wang also began work in Liaoyang, where his name and influence remain prominent to this day. The Manchus here tried the same tactics as at Moukden, but the result was the same, in the end. Neither ridicule, anger nor throwing dead cats into the chapel could prevent the bold herald of the gospel from establishing the cause of truth in the city. Either directly, or through the influence of those

brought into the church by him, he was more than any other man instrumental in spreading the gospel and beginning preaching-stations throughout Manchuria.

He passed away some years ago, but not before he saw many men of a spirit kindred to his own enter into and zealously extend the boundaries of the kingdom of Christ. More than to any other human instrumentality, the church in Manchuria owes its existence and aggressive character to "Old Wang."

But his last days were approaching. Opium had in earlier years undermined his constitution. He grew weaker and weaker, but in his heart was, as he declared, "peace, unbroken peace."

And so he lay, dying. But, even dying, he must preach, and by some miracle of strength he would actually leave his couch and reach the chapel door, where he would exhort the passers-by to repent and believe. This was after he stated that he was soon to die, and had given minute directions about all his affairs. It was a most extraordinary sight. A young missionary standing by, his eyes full of tears—as were those of many more—said, in moving away from the affecting sight, "Isn't it grand?" Still he went on. After many ineffectual attempts to induce him to stop, he said, "It is finished," and at last sat down.

In the house he was surrounded by friends, mother, brother, and sons' wives. In China it is a universal custom, as the spirit departs, to clothe

the body in the finest clothes it is possible to purchase. They think the spirit is clad in the other world with the same quality and kind of clothing in which it abandons the body. Old Wang's clothing had been purchased and made, and he was asked while he could yet speak, whether he would be clad in these. His reply was, "Jesus is my new robe." After saying which, in broken syllables, he gently passed away.

This man, his character, and his whole-hearted devotion prove in what direction is to be sought the agency which is to bring China to Christ. He had been only two or three years in school. He read his Bible fluently. He had, and craved, no further learning. But he was a man full of faith, and under the guidance of the spirit of holiness and of love. He possessed, therefore, more than all the schools of worldly learning could ever bestow upon him.

His own mother, weeping, followed his unwieldy coffin to the grave, into which it was lowered by the hands and with the tears of many who were by his means brought "from darkness into light."

When such men are multiplied by hundreds, the children of China will become the sons of God.

CHAPTER XV.

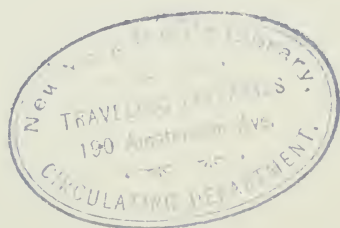
BLIND CHANG.

“Blind Chang, of Tai-ping-gow,” is a character well known throughout Manchuria. He was not always blind. His eye had been as sharp as his tongue was nimble. He was a notable gambler and a clever fortune-teller. But his eyesight gave way while he was yet a young man. At this time he came in contact with a Christian who told him of the wonderful cures of the blind—or virtually blind—effected by Dr. Christy in Moukden. At length he resolved to go; and where Chang resolved to go, he would find his way, however long the journey or arduous the path.

After great hardships by the way—he had traveled a hundred miles and had been robbed of all his money on the road—he presented himself in the hospital in Moukden. He was kept there several days and treated, but ultimately informed that his sight was gone irrecoverably. Necessarily he grieved, but not as those who have no hope. For meantime he had heard, in the hospital, the doctrines of grace. He attended the meetings in the chapel in the missionary’s compound, and had become a believer. Never had there been a patient in that hospital who received the gospel with



THE THOUSAND-ARMED GODDESS.



such joy, and the rapidity with which he grasped the leading truths of Christianity was remarkable.

Before going back home with his uncured eyes, he sought baptism. The period of probation then demanded prior to baptism would not admit of this; and for his rejection he seemed to sorrow more than for his lost sight. He was comforted by the information that the missionary would visit his home some months after he should have gone. The missionary, Rev. James Webster, went in due course to the "Valley of Peace," and found Blind Chang, but not alone.

As soon as he returned to his home he had begun to preach, in his ceaseless eloquence, the doctrines of salvation which he had learned in the capital. He took his station under the largest elm in the valley, beneath whose shade, in the summer, numbers of the people found a pleasant retreat from the glaring heat. That tree was afterwards purchased along with the house to which it was attached, as the site of the first church and school in the wide county of Mai-mai-kai.

He had been well known in his own village as a gambler and everything that was bad, so that on his return people laughed at his new religion. "It is all very well for him to reform," they said, "for he can not gamble without his eyes." But nothing could shake his faith in Christ, and soon it became evident that it was no passing fancy, but that a lasting change had been produced in his life.

From the first he preached with great power.

Some of the neighbors ridiculed him as mad; but an intelligent farmer who had been reading the Bible in his family for years without understanding it much, stood up for the blind man and insisted that he should be heard, as no one was compelled to believe his doctrine against his will.

This farmer, along with quite a number of other men, became believers, and were ultimately baptized by Mr. Webster.

Guided by his staff, Blind Chang went from village to village preaching the Word of Life, where he was formerly known as the cleverest gambler and with the keenest tongue in the neighborhood.

In his native village and the immediate neighborhood the church now numbers hundreds. Many of these have never seen the blind man, but well might one of them say, "Had Chang-shun never been blind there might have been no Christians here yet."

He had many faults, but his zeal never grew cold, and as an evangelist for breaking new ground there had not been his superior. In an ever-increasing radius he shed the light which was the joy of his own heart. He received no salary, but his flock gave him a willing support. And when he needed new clothes the women gladly made them for him. He made himself a member of his people's families—living at each house in turn.

He had committed whole books of the Bible to memory; and always had a great stock of questions or texts which he did not quite understand, when the missionary came to the station. He had his

failings; among them was one not unknown to strong men. He had the most unquestioning certainty in his own belief, his own expositions, and his own opinions. There were even missionaries from whom he refused to take instruction, so as to change his exposition.

From his Buddhistic days he had great faith in control over the appetite for food as evidence of the strength of the spiritual nature. Both he, his sister and others, declared that he sat in his sister's house thirty days without food, stating that no food would cross his lips until she became a believer. And a believer she did become, moved thereto by the dread of being the cause of her brother's death by starvation.

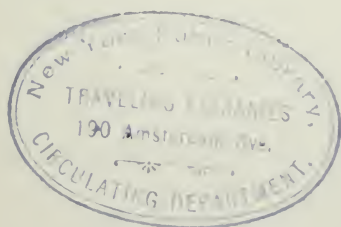
In many a mountain hamlet, among the beautiful mountains of the southeast of Kirin Province, and in many an isolated farmhouse on the sloping sides of those luxuriant hills, did Blind Chang introduce the Word which is a lamp to the feet and a light to the path. Large numbers through him entered the church. And, curiously enough, most of them have suffered spiritually from the defect of Blind Chang in retaining much of his Buddhistic spirit enfolded in the strength of his Christian faith.

He was not permitted to sleep quietly away. He went to his rest in a manner far more in accordance with his own fiery, impetuous nature. The "Boxer" movement had spread the flames of hatred and revenge far and wide. Christians must suffer because associated with foreigners. Ere this

fearful anti-foreign wave of destruction should recede, thousands of native Christians must pay the penalty of discipleship with their lives. The story of their fortitude reads like a chapter from the history of the early martyrs.

Blind Chang and another Christian were seized and brought before the magistrate. The magistrate, like most in Manchuria, was unwilling to take life, and exhorted the men to sign a form of denial of the Christian faith by which they could save themselves alive. Terror overcame the other man, and he lied against his conscience to save his life.

Those who knew him were not surprised to learn that Blind Chang would not accept, in any form, or to any extent, any words which seemed to imply a denial of his Christianity. Sentenced to execution, he knelt and prayed; and while praying "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," he was beheaded—and so went home.





ELDER WANG (central figure in white) AND HIS BIBLE CLASS.

CHAPTER XVI.

A ZEALOUS EVANGELIST.

ELDER WANG.

Elder Wang was born at Fu-san, ten miles west of Chefoo, in 1826. From eight to twenty years of age he spent continuously at school. His uncle, a man of high literary attainments, was for many years his teacher. After leaving school, he taught upwards of ten years, and at the same time continued his studies of the Chinese classics. He memorized them so thoroughly that they never faded from his memory. His mind became so tinctured with the teaching of the Chinese sages, that he gloried in being a Confucianist of "the straitest sect."

He was a zealous advocate of ancestral worship. A distinguished ancestry, recording names of men eminent for scholarship and holding high positions in the Government, made him highly prize his birthright privileges.

Failing to secure the literary degree necessary to secure official position, he decided that in order to secure a competence for old age he must seek some other calling than that of schoolteacher. After extensive travel, during which he gained valuable experience, he opened a small store in

Chefoo. It was while here that Mr. Wong Tsay, our first convert and preacher, made his acquaintance. These men resembled each other in many particulars and soon became fast friends. Both were stoutly built, and much above the average size, and of commanding presence. They were men of superior education, and had been teachers in early life. They both had strong wills and a perfect hatred of guile.

Wong Tsay daily passed the store going to preach in the street chapel. Times almost without number he stopped in the store to tell of Jesus and of salvation in his name. Wang Pao Kwei (for that was Elder Wang's full name) always treated his friend with the utmost politeness, but showed his loyalty by utterly refusing to investigate any religion that claims superiority to, or even equality with, Confucianism.

But one day Wang seemed to awake as from a dream. The thought came into his mind, surely Wong Tsay can have no selfish motive in being so deeply concerned about the salvation of my soul. He resolved to make his first visit to the chapel and there investigate the truth. Much of the afternoon was spent in asking questions and listening. He received a copy of the New Testament. He began to study, learned to pray, came to the church on the Sabbath, and soon became deeply interested in Christianity.

At times intense anguish filled his heart as he thought of what it meant in his case to become a

Christian. His kindred and friends would despise him and regard him as an apostate unworthy to live. He continued, however, to study and pray. Soon the conviction took hold of his mind that he was a wretched sinner, and there was no hope for him but to accept free salvation through Jesus Christ. As soon as persuaded of this, he yielded his whole heart to Jesus, made a public profession of faith, and received baptism. From that day onward his faith never wavered, and he loyally and faithfully strove to follow in his Saviour's footsteps, and to win others for Christ.

A few days before his death, when speaking of the time he united with the church, he said the thought of all Jesus did to save him so stirred his soul that he often felt it would have been a great privilege to have been permitted to give his life for Jesus. And that often since then he had prayed that if he could glorify Jesus more by suffering martyrdom than by his life, that he hoped the opportunity might be given, and with it the needed grace and courage.

He became a personal teacher and helper for one of the missionaries. Subsequently he taught successfully a girls' mission school. When study hours were over, he almost daily assisted in preaching in the street chapel, in the street, or wherever men were found. From the first he was a *diligent student of God's word*, and so continued to the end of his life. The lofty morals of the Bible had for him a peculiar charm. He believed with all his

heart that the Bible is God's message to sinful men and truly the power of God unto salvation to every believer and doer of it. Having a retentive memory, he became mighty in the Scripture. He meditated upon it day and night till his mind became so permeated that his preaching, praying and conversation made all feel that the truth had taken possession of him, and that he was pre-eminently a spiritually minded man.

During the last eighteen years he gave his time exclusively to evangelistic work. He made long journeys, extending over hundreds of miles, preaching and distributing books and tracts at the markets, and the towns and villages by the way.

His favorite method of work was to select some center where there were a few Christians and inquirers, rent a house where he could live, have people daily meet with him for worship and study, and, as opportunity offered, itinerate and preach in the surrounding villages. At every place he thus labored, God's blessing crowned his efforts, souls were saved, believers grew in grace and more fully realized the living reality of God's word.

He first went to a center more than two hundred miles in the interior, where there were a few converts lately from the ranks of heathenism greatly needing instruction and careful shepherding. In a short time he won their love and confidence. The heathen neighbors came to look upon him with respect, and as a man honest, faithful and conscientious, upon whom they could rely. The

Christians in two adjoining villages were soon persuaded to cast away jealousy and rivalry, and meet in one place for Sabbath service. New converts were added. By contributions of money and labor involving much self-denial, some selling land and giving beyond their strength, a beautiful little church building was erected and a church organized, which soon grew to a membership of three hundred communicants.

After remaining about three years, Mr. Wang felt that the people were able to get on without his help, and that he was more needed elsewhere. An earnest effort was made to retain him, but without avail. When he left, the Christians united in giving him presents, and escorted him a long distance beyond the village, and did all they could to show him honor.

At another center, where there were probably twenty Christians and inquirers, he spent nearly two years. Many of the people, after working all day on their farms, met every evening in Mr. Wang's room for the special study of the Bible.

On one occasion, after an evening service, Mr. Wang said to me, "I do not wish to tire you, but I wish you to see how differently the Christians spend their evenings than in former times, when they often met to drink wine and gamble." He called on a Mr. Fan, of perhaps fifty years of age, saying, "Give us the story of Abraham." Mr. Fan rose to his feet, and with great fluency and clearness gave the outline of Abraham's life and some

of the lessons he thought we should all heed. Another was called on to tell about Daniel, another about the apostle Paul. Thus they continued until near midnight, all listening with as much apparent interest as if they were hearing for the first time. As I had an appointment requiring me to leave at daybreak, I felt constrained to request them to postpone until my next visit.

At still another center, during less than two years' residence, more than thirty were received into the church on profession of faith; one of them a widow of seventy-nine, another a man of eighty-eight years. Mr. Wang also assisted the people there in erecting a church and school building.

Mr. Wang had a wonderful love for children and youth, and the power of winning them for friends. It was to him a joy to select promising youths who were in destitute circumstances, and aid them in securing an education. He was an intelligent advocate of Christian education for both boys and girls. At his funeral, several of the preachers and teachers testified with deep feeling what a friend they had found in him in their school days and how much they owed to his sympathy and help. Christian teaching, training, and safe-guarding the young was his chief hope for China. He gave special thanks for God's people in Christian lands, who gave of their means and prayed for China's conversion.

During the last three months of his illness he took much pleasure in watching from his door the

erection of a new school building. He often exhorted the workmen to do honest and faithful work, as they were working for God, and for coming generations.

Soon after his conversion, he removed his wife from the old homestead in the midst of heathen influences to Chefoo, where she could have an opportunity of learning the truth. His kind and gentle manner, in striking contrast to the sternness of former years, made her willing to listen to his teaching. Her heart was soon opened to receive the truth. During the following three years, she lived a beautiful Christian life, and then died a triumphant death.

It was a great and constant grief to Mr. Wang that none of his kindred were Christians. For them he often wept, and daily prayed, and died in the hope that God would answer his prayer after he was gone.

He received a salary of five dollars a month, but always traveled on foot, lived and dressed so economically that he was able to save about one-half of his salary for charitable purposes. Like many Chinese students, he had read medical books, and always kept a supply of medicine, which he gave freely to all in need. He wrote a tract containing a brief outline of the plan of salvation, and had it cut on a block, which he often carried with him on his journeys. If his supply of tracts failed, he could always find a printer and have a new edition. It is said that on more than one occasion

in cold weather when he found some one suffering with the cold, he took off one of his own outer garments and presented it.

A few days before his death, he sent word that he had a message for Dr. Corbett's son, Charles. When Charles went to see him, he presented him with a beautiful picture of Christ—"The Good Shepherd"—and said to him, "I have long been earnestly praying for you and your brothers that God would spare your lives, give you wisdom and grace, and call you to be missionaries and under-shepherds for our people."

After he was unable to walk, he requested to be carried to church, so long as he was able to sit in a reclining chair, saying it did him so much good to join with God's people in worship.

Mr. Wang had a remarkably cheerful disposition. When persecuted and wronged, he bore it patiently. He harbored no malice.

He had a strong desire to live longer and work for Christ. When the physician told him his disease was incurable, he submitted without a murmur. When he realized that his end was near, he employed carpenters to bring timber and make his coffin in front of his door, so that he could superintend and personally direct the work. He had it made of pine planks of great thickness, so that it weighed more than six hundred pounds. He had a friend write in large characters, to be placed in the coffin, the idea expressed in "Looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great

God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.” He asked to have the Bible and hymn-book he had studied for many years put into the coffin with his body.

When the sun was setting on Sabbath evening, and the church bell was ringing for evening service, he asked to be carried into the open air that he might have another glimpse of the church and school buildings, and the blue sky, which had such a charm for him all during his illness. After some moments of upward gazing—one of his attendants said—looking as Stephen did to see his Saviour at God’s right hand, his features became calm and radiant, and peace and joy filled his soul. He said in a strong voice, “My end is near; carry me into the house and prepare me for my burial. Do not delay.” These were his last words. His friends did as requested, but before they could finish, his soul passed away without a struggle.

Thus he gloriously entered into his inheritance. He died a blessed death. His crown will have many stars, as he had the joy of leading many to a saving knowledge of Christ. He was buried in the beautiful Wang cemetery, where for more than two hundred years only his ancestry of the Wang name have been buried. Alas! Elder Wang and his wife are the only ones buried there who died in the certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

HUNTER CORBETT.

CHAPTER XVII.

WANG OF WEL.

Mr. Wang was an only son. In his youth he spent two years as a captive in the hands of the Tai-Ping rebels. He came home to find that they had murdered his mother. This break in his life, with its afflictions, brought to him a serious concern for the future life. Though never having the advantages of a school, he persevered in night study till he had a very good knowledge of the classics—all, that he might study the religions of China.

He visited a resort of Taoist priests among the hills, hoping there to find relief for his burdened soul. In order to be less contaminated with the flesh, and to lay up merit, he became a vegetarian.

When a preacher of Jesus came, he sat up all night talking with him, and decided to seek the foreign teacher, and with him compare the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism and Christianity. Accordingly, he went to Chefoo, and spent two months in the study of the Bible under Dr. Corbett. He decided to become a Christian, when he at once became deeply concerned about the conversion of his children. He induced a Christian doctor to come from a distance and occupy

rooms on his premises, in order to have his help in influencing his boys. He used many promises and threats, even proposing to go to a distance and become a beggar, if they would not become Christians.

One of his sons says his father made his life so miserable that he went out to the field and prayed high heaven to deliver him from his distresses. His father on one side, and all his associations and ambitions and prospects on the other, what was he to do?

He said that one thing decided him to be a Christian at any cost; that was his father's prayers. He would go out into the court, when he supposed all were asleep, and would every night, whether snowing or raining, plead with God for the conversion of his children, till he was exhausted. This he would often do two or three times the same night, until they all three openly professed Christ as their Saviour. One of the sons is now a pastor. He might, with his brother, be receiving a large salary in a government school; but he turned from this to enter the ministry. Not only so, but he accepted the one of three calls that gave him the smallest salary. Being supported by his family, he spends all his salary in employing preachers among the heathen.

When Mr. Wang's prayers for his sons and daughters were answered, he sold some of his land to get money for building, and traded some for adjoining houses, and thus prepared ample accom-

modations for a girls' boarding-school. He attended to the marketing and ground the grain without charge, often supplementing the food from his own store. He talked and prayed with the girls about the unbinding of their feet before even we foreigners thought of such vigorous agitation. He promised to buy the shoes and stockings for those who would unbind. In this, too, God answered his prayers and rewarded his efforts. Indeed, his son, after naming a list of answered prayers, said that, so far as he knew, his father had gotten everything he had asked for.

While others were feasting at the New Year, he went into seclusion and fasted, grieving because his parents had never known Jesus, the Saviour. Hearing the talk of the Catholics, and reading in Peter about the spirits in prison, he went to the graveyard and built a booth, where he spent his time in prayer for his parents and grandparents till he was taken sick, when he concluded that God was displeased with such a prayer, and so returned to his home.

When he could command the time, he went out preaching Christ among the heathen villages, of course at his own expense. His sons were college graduates employed in teaching. They became so alarmed at the disposition the father was making of the property at this time, that they concluded to teach nearer home, so that they could be on hand to protest. The father promptly told them that he would not spend any more time adding to the es-

tate to be left to them; that there was likely more now than was for their good; that he had given all to the service of the Master, and that, if they objected to his using a portion of the property for Christian purposes, they should just take it and make what they pleased of it.

So he left, and they were never able to induce him to return. He went three hundred miles away, where he was given a salary as a preacher. He lived simply, giving more than two-thirds for the benefit of others. Among other things, he employed a Christian teacher in a heathen village. This has resulted in a station of more than twenty good members, some of whom have stood through bitter persecutions.

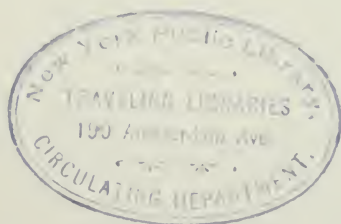
He visits his home yearly, when he goes among the Christian villages, praying with and exhorting the Christians, and frequently leaving money for the needy. He has a large amount thus loaned to the Lord. With some of the money thus sent home in advance for poor people, his sons bought a donkey that was soon stolen; another time they bought a mule, which died. After these calamities, unprecedented in the history of the family, they said they would never again appropriate any of their father's alms money.

Being Puritanical in life, Mr. Wang is severe in condemnation of sin wherever he finds it; yet for the sinner he has a beautiful charity, so that he stands high in his influence among all classes. He belongs to the intelligent farming class, which is

far superior to all others in character and hopefulness for Christianity.

During the uprising of 1900 in China, rowdies from a distance looted his home, while he, like other Christians, was compelled to flee, leaving the crops to be gathered by the rabble.

In his prayerful concern for the souls of his children, the duty and secret of prevailing prayer, in the consecration of time and money to Christian work, and in a self-denying simplicity of life so as to have larger gifts for Christ, how many in "Christian" lands might sit at the feet of Wang of Wei!





MRS. MA, AMOY, CHINA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. MA.

Mrs. Ma's father was a geomancer. But her home was a poor one. For, in spite of her father's pretended knowledge of nature's secrets, he could never earn enough to fill the home with plenty. He ought to have done so, for he professed to know the rule by which the good and evil influences that are supposed to be floating in the air could be controlled. He could select a site to bury the dead that would bring prosperity into the lives of living friends. He could tell men how to build their houses so as to foil the fell purposes of the spirits of the dead, that at certain seasons are supposed to roam the earth, to avenge themselves upon the living. He could so manipulate the "nativities" of a betrothed couple as to predict fortune, many sons, and honors. But while he thus laid claim to such knowledge as would enrich others, he was powerless to direct any of the wealth and prosperity toward his own household.

When Mrs. Ma was fourteen, poverty compelled her to go to the home of her betrothed husband to be supported by his friends. From this time the real sorrows of her life began. She was the drudge of the family, and from early dawn to late at night

the severest household duties were assigned to her.

At eighteen she was married, and though her life became easier for a time, she was soon destined to realize sorrow in its bitterest form. Her husband turned out a worthless and dissipated fellow. His energies were directed toward discovering some new form of vice or dissipation. Her husband's relatives, instead of sympathizing with her, looked upon her as the active cause of her husband's misdeeds. They thought there was something unlucky about her that had changed his destiny.

Influenced by this heathen view, they speedily got rid of her, and sold her to another man. Her new husband loved his wife with real and true affection. In this respect her warm, loving heart found unspeakable delight, and she paid back his love with her whole soul's devotion. She needed all this new-found love to sustain her in the terrible struggle which she now began for existence. For the home she came to was distressingly poor, and as the family increased, they were often put to the severest straits to provide for daily food. Westerners can scarcely credit the narrow margin of living in eastern lands. For twenty long years she kept up this struggle.

A casual glance at Mrs. Ma would have given the impression that she was a very pleasant and agreeable woman, but not one fitted for conflict with a hard life. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, and a smile that covered her face with sunshine came easily, and lingered about her features.

She had a genial spirit and a true heart that could endure anything for those she loved. When excited, the flash of her eyes and the firm set of her features proclaimed a spirit within well fitted for heroic service.

Her husband was a seafaring man. He took long voyages. During these long absences the care of the family fell wholly upon her. Being of a religious turn of mind, she used to go to the idols for comfort. For long years her faith in them never faltered. When there was a gleam of sunshine in the humble home, she credited it to these gods. As for sorrows, they were decreed by heaven, and so were unavoidable. In this she shared the universal inconsistency of all idolaters who believe the good in life is from the idols, but set down evils as the decrees of heaven, or fate.

But a crisis was approaching in her life. One day she was invited to attend a Christian service. She agreed, rather to please the one who asked her, than with any definite idea of what she was going to do. "To worship God" was to her a very vague expression. The general impression was that it meant the abandoning of all their social customs, the rejection of their ancestors, and the adoption of the worship and customs of the despised "barbarians."

Mrs. Ma was undoubtedly led by an invisible hand that day when she walked to the meeting, for Christianity was a profound mystery to her. Although she did not comprehend all she heard, her

impressions were favorable. She carried away one thought, to which she clung with irrepressible delight, and which became the germ-seed in her life of new ideas. It was contained in a line of one of the hymns, and it said that God was the giver of houses and clothes and food. This touched her with an irresistible force. Twenty years after the event, when she was telling the story, her eyes flashed, and her face beamed with joy, as she said, "These were the first words that led me to God." They were so practical. She had been struggling all her life with poverty. She was then living in a tumble-down shanty, and how to pay the rent, or where to go when she was turned out of it, she did not know. Here was a revelation to her. The idols never promised that. This was her first step toward the new life.

Her husband was now going on a long voyage. He had a presentiment that it would be unfortunate. The idols were consulted. The answer was prompt, that nothing unusual would attend the voyage. So, after a tearful adieu, he sailed away. Weeks and months dragged along, and no news. At last vague rumors of a shipwreck. Then the heart-breaking confirmation. And this despite the fact that when she stood, with agonizing cry and palpitating heart before the idols a second time, they had replied that he would return alive and well.

From this time forth she put no faith in idols. She put every idol out of her house. She turned

wholly to Christ, and for nearly thirty years she has lived a most devout Christian life. Her name has been a very prominent one in the church. When any service had to be performed that demanded the wisdom of a womanly, tender heart, hers was the name that was usually mentioned in preference to all others.

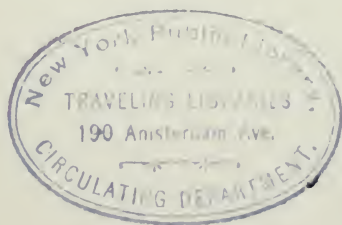
But it was not only in the church that her reputation stood high. Amongst the heathen, too, her name was fragrant. For many years her services have been in great request in the Chinese community because of her knowledge of the diseases of children. In this capacity she visits both the rich and the poor. Here her gentle disposition has touched the hearts of those with whom she has had to deal, and has inclined them to listen with patience to the gospel of Christ. How many hearts have been touched by her words, which were made powerful by her own beautiful life, only God knows. How many have passed through the gloomy portals, which heathenism leaves shrouded in darkness, with her faith to comfort them, the future will alone reveal.

One day I said to her, "What to you is the most precious truth in all the Bible?" "The one that Christ died for me on the cross," she replied at once. "And why?" "Because I have been such a sinner. Think of my life. If my sins had not been great, how should such sufferings have all been heaped on my life for so many years? Yes, my sins indeed were great, and who but Jesus

could take them away? It is he who has made me happy, and therefore it is that I think so much of his cross."

Her son is one of the finest specimens of Christianity in our church. It is a pleasure to look upon his face. It has the gentle, loving expression of his mother, and truth and uprightness are stamped upon it. There is no family that I know of that has had a larger influence for good than that of Mrs. Ma.

Mrs. Ma stood out boldly and beautifully, like the noble mountain in whose shadow she spent so much of her life. And the Spirit of God rested upon her, like the luxurious effulgence that bathed the lofty summit of "The Great Southern Warrior." And as that lofty peak aspired to pierce the sky, so her soul sought to attain the glories of the higher life. The grand old mountain can only point to the heaven whither she has already before us entered.





CHANG SUI CHEUNG AND HIS WIFE.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAN SUI CHEUNG,

A FISHER OF MEN.

Lau Kong is a village in South China. It is situated in the Sha Lan, or Sand Market valley. In the front of the village, and across an arm of the China Sea, rises the Island of St. John, where Francis Xavier breathed his last, after waiting for many months for a Chinese vessel to carry him to Canton, being deceived again and again by the Chinese authorities, who would not at that time tolerate any "barbarian" in their midst.

In this village of Lau Kong, in 1859, Mr. Chan, or Chan Sui Cheung, was born in sight of the island where the famous Jesuit missionary exclaimed, "Rock, open!" referring to China. Mr. Chan himself often gave expression to the same sentiment, for he earnestly longed for the salvation of his people. And more than once he compared the hearts of his countrymen to adamant, or the igneous rocks so plentiful in that part of China.

The name "Chan" is that of one of the largest clans of the empire, and it is an honor to wear it. Sui Cheung was his "baby" name, and might be translated "Following Elegance."

It will be seen that Mr. Chan belonged to a very

large family, and had "a good name," which, however, might mean nothing, as all Chinese names are high-sounding. In after years he took the name of Yeuk Yu, which means "A Weak Fisher." This he undoubtedly applied to himself, self-deprecatingly, as being "a weak fisher of men."

Mr. Chan was below the average in height, and had a rather frail constitution. So poor was his physical endowment that if it were any indication of his spirit, this sketch would never have been written. A strong spirit in a frail body, a courageous soul in a frail frame, this represents Chan Sui Cheung.

At eight years of age he entered a primary school, "but," he says, "my memory was very poor, and the few columns of characters I learned daily I was unable to repeat, no difference what schemes were employed." In fact, for many years his vocabulary seemed limited, and he never was what is popularly called "eloquent."

At fourteen he entered the high school. His reasoning faculties were now developing, and he says of this time, "I began to understand truth and comprehend the first principles of knowledge." In the elementary school the treacherous memory of Chan Sui Cheung often brought the teacher's rod down upon his head. In the high school, he learned to compose essays and write couplets, as all Chinese youths are wont to do.

Chan belonged to a literary family, some members of which had attained to the Second Literary

Degree, and he was destined for the same honors by his parents. But, alas! the weakness of his body and the poverty of the family prevented him remaining very long at school, and when he was seventeen, he, with others from his native village, embarked for the "Shores of the Flowery Flag," as they called the United States.

Here he remained two years as a cigar-maker, and then returned to his native land. Having no profession, and being unused to manual labor, he again visited the high school, where, in all probability, his taste for learning received its first great impulse and made him a lifelong student. From this time he ranked among the scholars. After several more years of study he became a teacher.

At twenty-three, he married a daughter of the Lee family. She was frugal and looked well to the ways of her household, although, in these days of her unbelief, she spent considerable sums on idol worship.

It is not always as easy to support a wife as to get one, and at twenty-five we find Mr. Chan once more turning his steps toward America in order to make his fortune. Coming to Chicago, where there was a large Chinese colony, he was induced to attend a Sunday-school, and the following year heard the gospel, and almost immediately accepted the truth. He says, "I became conscious of my sin and renounced all my former wrongdoing, and was baptized, by Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D., of the

First Congregational Church, in 1885, in the twenty-sixth year of my life."

It was Chan Sui Cheung's good fortune to have some faithful teachers, who not only taught the principles of Christianity, but also the power of Christ in the soul. He, therefore, never made much use of Chinese philosophy in his preaching.

He was a thorough Chinese in his regard for propriety, and was always easily offended at indiscreet conduct. From his experience, he was thoroughly convinced that in Chinese schools and Sunday-schools, in America, only elderly or mature women should be employed as teachers.

It must not be supposed that the acceptance of Christianity was an easy matter for him. By inheritance and by his sympathetic nature he was strongly drawn to Confucianism. And it was almost with trepidation that he took the covenant of the church above mentioned. "The weakest of the weak," he became strong as the power of Christ possessed him.

The great magnet, aside from the divine truth, which drew his heart to Christ, was the life he saw lived by such disciples as Dr. Goodwin, Dr. Shipman and Mrs. Brown, and these, though dead, live in Chan Sui Cheung.

His brother in China having died, at the request of his wife and mother he once more turned his face toward his native land. He was sad, for he knew that persecutions were in store for him.

As soon as he reached home, he sought out all

the Christians in his neighborhood, and began to hold Christian services. He says of this time: "There were in this region only six or seven Christians. I was the only one who became a preacher. My relatives regarded me as the scum of the earth. I was ridiculed, slandered and persecuted, and those who were my most intimate friends looked upon me as the earth's offscouring."

Once when he attended the funeral of a relative he did not prostrate himself before the grave, as the others did, but waited until the last, and repaired, somewhat, the grave. Upon his return, some of the young men jeered at him for his lack of reverence for ancestors, to which he replied: "I did more than you. You made your bow and hastened away for fear the spirits would catch you, while I remained behind to repair the grave." After this he was not greatly molested, although he sometimes was lonely, from lack of fellowship with kindred spirits.

In the spring of 1891, he was first regularly employed by the American Board Mission. He was located in a valley called Hoi In, nine miles from his home. Here he has labored ever since, although the first years of his ministry were largely devoted to study and self-improvement.

At this time his wife was still a pagan. When his mother died, his wife almost forced him to worship her corpse. She would spend the money he gave her for buying provisions, for heathen worship. He remonstrated with her many times. At

last, in desperation, he used the argument of corporeal punishment.

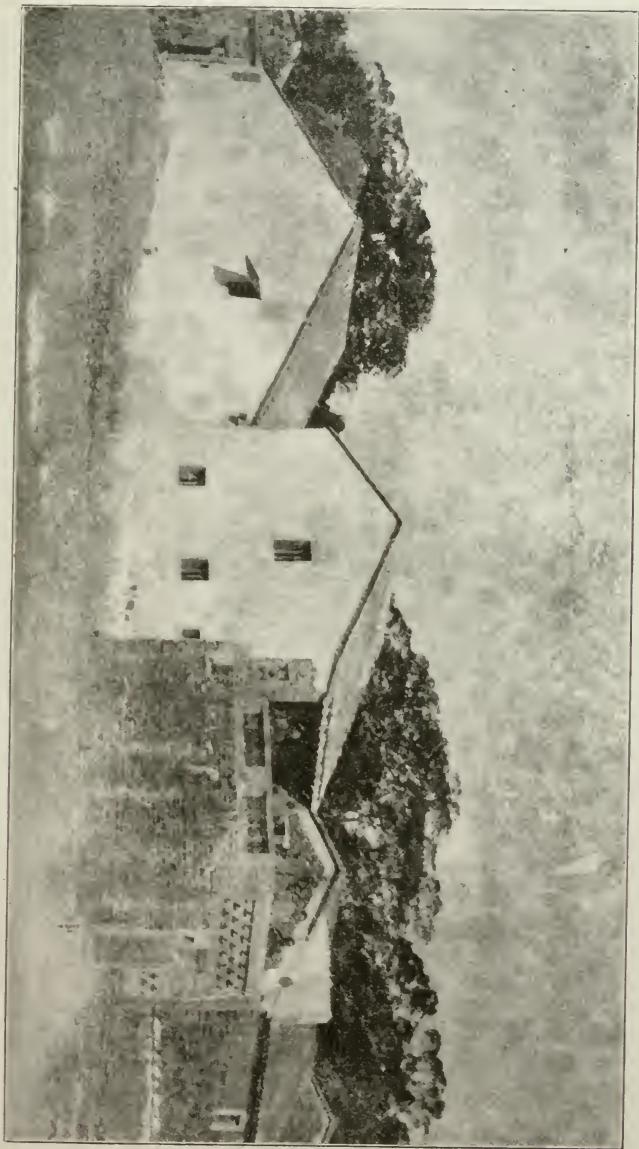
When he told what he had done, he was asked how he would like to have the same means tried with him, as he had been known to do some foolish things, too. He smiled and made no reply. But several years afterwards, when the subject of wife-whipping came up among the church-members, he said: "I do not think that anything can be gained by whipping our wives. It does not change their hearts. More can be gained by gentle means."

But for ten more years his wife resisted every entreaty to become a Christian. She held out even when her own daughters, one after another, came into the church. There was a happy family when, at last, only a few years ago, she confessed Christ.

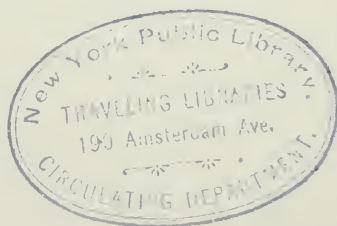
He was no doubt influenced by missionaries in entering the ministry, but, having entered the sacred work, he ever after felt himself drawn and held to it by the Spirit of God. And this, although the strenuous life of a Chinese evangelist was not suited to his weak body and quiet temperament.

He was a reticent man, and not eloquent in his sermons. But he developed wonderfully.

He was a close and constant student of the Bible. His delight was great when he first caught Paul's meaning in the doctrine of law and grace, as recorded in Romans. He often prayed that he might be crucified with Christ. When, upon one occasion, he gave way to his temper, he prayed earnestly that his temper might be nailed to the cross. In the



CHAPEL (HOI-IN-KAI) WHERE MR. CHAT PREACHES.



village where this incident occurred, such has been his influence that there is now a Christian school and a goodly number of church-members.

Mr. Chan had a quick grasp of spiritual truth. Once when, at the close of the year, he was asked what he had learned during the year, he replied, "To cast all my care upon God."

He delighted to refer to favorite passages of Scripture. His Chinese Bible, especially the New Testament, was marked through and through. It was always a pleasure to talk to him of divine things, for his spiritual perceptions were keener than is usual among even home Christians. His prayers were always earnest, and spiritual and full of faith.

He never stopped growing. He seems to develop every year. He has a well-stocked library, and is a constant reader of all good literature—secular and religious. But perhaps his chief work has been to train other workers. The Mission not having regular or elaborate facilities for this, he has largely supplied the need. He has, alone, trained a number of earnest young men for the ministry.

The Bible was always the principal text-book, no difference what the attainments of the student might be. He called his pupils together early in the morning, and several times a day, for study. No time was wasted. On "market days" each pupil was expected to preach to the heathen. On other days they preached in the villages. In this way he prepared them for their work, so that the Amer-

ican Board Mission has now ten or twelve men who were taught by Chan Sui Cheung, and these men are as well—if not better—trained as the graduates of our training-school. That is, for the special work they have to do.

See him teaching. The theme is "The Crucifixion of Christ." The teacher and the students are all seated around the table, Bibles in hand. He thus applies the theme: "You and I have crucified Christ. It was your sins and mine that nailed the Lord of glory to the cross." And in this way he continued until his eyes and those of his pupils were suffused with tears—a rare scene even among Christian Chinese.

No pupil ever got a false impression from his teaching. They knew that what he taught was not a foreign gospel, but the unchangeable truth of God. One of these pupils thus speaks of his experience under Mr. Chan. "In the morning we were up before daylight, and we often sat up as late as nine or ten o'clock at night to study. There were several sessions during the day. When not studying, we were preaching, so that my head fairly ached at times." No drones were allowed, and he got out of his pupils more than any foreign teacher could have done. There is no hesitation about sending young men to him for training. They always get, not only the theory, but the spirit, of the gospel.

In preaching he is true and faithful. The thirteen years of his services have seen a communion

service of two or three increased to nearly one hundred. He is loved by his people—they may indeed lean upon him a little too much at times. They go to him with all their pecuniary and other difficulties. At our annual conferences he holds a prominent place.

Of his call to the ministry he has no doubt, and at one of these annual meetings he moved the entire audience by declaring that when a man had put his hand to the gospel plow he should never turn back. And then, appealing to his own experience, he devoutly affirmed that he never found rest to his soul until he promised God that he would make preaching his lifelong work. And thus he has great power with others.

From extreme modesty he has declined ordination, but he is bishop in his own diocese. He is a bishop of souls and an instructor of preachers. His own best teacher has been the word of God unfolded by the Spirit, to which he acknowledges his allegiance upon every occasion. Oh, for the sake of China, that such men could be multiplied a thousand-fold!

C. R. HAGER.

CHAPTER XX.

LAY-ZUNG-SING,

A GODLY MERCHANT.

Canton is situated in China's southernmost province. Here, many years ago—no one knows just how many—there was born a man who was to become a veritable “flame of fire.” And this not so much in throwing hot brands of castigation and reproof among his neighbors, as by a steady, glowing testimony of the love of God among them. His native place rejoiced in the anomalous name of “Stone-Sea.” He seems to have always been a business man, and in 1876 came to Canton on a trade errand.

As is the custom all over China, the missionaries had opened preaching-chapels on the street. In these, Lay-Zung-Sing heard the gospel. He was at once interested. He returned time after time. Each time he was more delighted. After several months—what a time of waiting for this ardent soul—he was baptized, and received into the church.

His whole after-life showed that his entering the fold was not a mere matter of form. He felt that he had “put on Christ.” Every day henceforth was dedicated to His service. He thought of Jesus not only as his Saviour, but as his Lord and

Master, whom it was a delight to serve. He had the true courage to stand up and preach to his old friends and neighbors—in fact, he thus witnessed and preached as long as he lived. His favorite theme was “Christ the Saviour of Men.”

When seven or eight had become Christians at Stone-Sea, they wished to build a chapel. Of course it must be a very modest one. And they called it “Glad Message Hall.” A very appropriate name, seeing that from it was to be heralded the gospel to the surrounding thousands.

They were all poor, but that did not daunt them. They agreed that each should contribute what he could. Some brought tile, some brick, some wood. All contributed their labor. Thus by toil and moil they had the walls of their beloved building five or six feet high. But their success had evidently roused the ire of the neighbors—at least of the evil-disposed among them. The rabble came and jeered. From jeers they soon came to blows. They tore down the walls and left the place a pile of ruins. Nor did they stop here. They tore down Mr. Lay’s shop, and took away the stock of goods. Gaining courage by success, they now began a search for the Christians, with the intention of beating and possibly of killing them. But the brethren were warned, and, to save themselves, fled to Canton.

Now, it seems almost incredible, but Mr. Lay did not stir. He remained at home, and it is said that he did not even become nervous or alarmed. Surely only Providence could have preserved him. More-

over, the county officials must have been a little surprised to receive from him, almost at once, a communication requesting them to arrange for an indemnity. It was not a matter of audacity with him, but one of sheer faith. He quietly reckoned up the loss of materials, labor, and the losses of the brethren. The indemnity was paid, and by the end of the year the little church was finished.

In addition to this, Mr. Lay's shop was reopened, and his trade for some time greatly increased. In conducting his business he was careful not to compromise any principle. He did not deal in wine, or in idols or in images, or in any of the accompaniments of superstitious worship. And this, at last, ruined his business. His customers began to withdraw their trade, and the business dwindled until the shop was closed. But he had already, by economy, saved enough to supply the necessities of himself and those immediately depending upon him.

Now began a new era in the life of Mr. Lay. Henceforth, he seemed to literally think of nothing else except the kingdom of God. He had always been a great Bible student. But now, after he had been a Christian twenty years, he would make arrangements to go to Canton to take an additional course of lectures or readings. And this at all seasons of the year. He permitted no weakness nor annoyance to detain him, nor even ordinary attacks of illness. He always paid his own expenses.

So great, indeed, was his zeal, that his heathen neighbors voted him, at times, a little "queer," but no one was ever found, even here, who doubted that he was an intense and earnest disciple of Christ.

At one side of the door, in his house, he erected a kind of low platform. Here he would station himself. He kept a supply of Gospels. He courteously invited passersby to a seat, and engaged them in conversation about religion. To others he sold a Gospel, and with a few words of explanation, and a blessing, he sent them on their way. He abounded in liberality. According to his means, he contributed to every interest of the church.

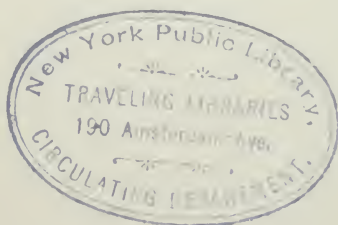
The fruits of his labor were abundant. Some years ago, having occasion to call the Christians of Stone-Sea together for instruction, among other questions they were asked by what agency they were brought into the church. Out of fifteen natives of the place, thirteen testified that Lay-Zung-Sing had led them to Christ. And now, out of a membership of forty, more than half bear the same witness.

He was truly humble. With all his wonderful influence, he never for a moment thought of lording it over the Lord's heritage, but, on the other hand, it seemed as if he could never sufficiently exalt his Master.

In his zeal for Bible study, his love for souls, and his earnestness in preaching the Word, he has set a noble example. We have not seen his face

for some years, for God has called him home. We say he is dead, but even on earth he can never die.

His reverence was extraordinary. In prayer, he always prostrated himself with his face to the ground. With what transport must such a soul gaze into the face of the Father!





PASTOR LING, OF FOOCHOW.

CHAPTER XXI.

PASTOR LING, OF FOOCHOW.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.”

Such is the lesson of the life of Pastor Ling—a life which closed on the first Sunday of the new century. It was almost from the very courts of God’s house, where he had so warmly welcomed hundreds into the fold of the Christian church, that the soul of this “man of God” took its flight to the mansions above. Like Enoch of old, he walked with God, and was not, for God took him.

It is a singular coincidence that only a few days before, when asked whether he would prefer to die suddenly, or after a prolonged illness, he expressed his preference for the former, little thinking that the Father, whom he had served faithfully for so many years, was about to grant him his choice. On the Sunday morning referred to, he was ministering to the usual congregation, but had not proceeded far in the exercises when he was obliged to give up and retire to the parsonage near by, leaving the remainder of the service to be conducted by the senior deacon. While the congregation was thus engaged, death came and removed from earth our beloved pastor. Always a firm believer in

prayer, he remained so to the end, and even in the midst of the agonizing struggle between life and death, he exhorted his loved ones who were giving their vain ministrations, to "pray, pray, pray." These were his last words, and how fitting for one just passing within the gates!

Pastor Ling Nik-sing was born forty-six years ago at Nantai, a suburb of Foochow, the son of a God-serving father, but of an idol-serving mother. It was providential that the father was a keeper of the Lord's house, for the young Nik-sing was often enabled to listen to the great truths concerning the love of God and the redemption of the world. Into the soil of a naturally serious and thoughtful disposition, the seeds of truth thus sown early found a lodgment. The mother became alarmed at the prospect of her son "obeying the doctrine," and, becoming convinced that he was too near the missionaries and their converts, she succeeded in securing for him a situation as clerk in a variety shop, little thinking that that was just the thing she should do in order to improve his opportunities for hearing the truth.

Hard by the shop was a chapel of the Methodist Church, and the young Nik-sing, being now more than ever determined to know of the "New Way," spent his spare moments at this chapel, where the ministrations of a devoted preacher resulted in bringing a flood of light into his soul.

In the shop, his faithful performance of every duty and his extreme carefulness in regard to

truth and honesty soon won for him a high place in the esteem of his employer. Among the articles for sale were idol-paper, candles, incense, and other things essential in idolatrous ceremonies. From the very start, the young clerk refused to touch these things, leaving it for the other clerks to make sales. As in other shops, so in this, the shopkeeper depended much for his gains on adulterating his goods, in accordance with the generally adopted theory that "to make money one must cheat, at least a little." But the shopkeeper had counted on the wrong man, for the destined-to-be leader in the Christian church faithfully informed any would-be purchasers of any defects or adulterations in the articles under consideration. This greatly embarrassed the shopkeeper, but his clerk was so trustworthy that he could not well do without him. Protestations, threats and entreaties on the part of his mother and uncle only served to bring out the bold assertion that they might do with him as they pleased, but, as for lying and deceiving, he would not be guilty of these sins.

As might naturally be expected, such a difference in the moral sensibilities of employer and employed could not result in any relation of long duration, and in due course of time our young hero, then twenty-one years of age, and already a member of "The Church of the Saviour," entered the Mission Boarding School, now Foochow College, for young men, situated in Foochow City, and then under the charge of the late Rev. S. F. Woodin. Here he

studied for two years, after which he was employed for two years as a preacher at the Water Gate Chapel, alternating with Dr. C. C. Baldwin and Rev. C. Hartwell, in preaching there and at the Peace Street Church in the city. These two years were fruitful in rich experiences, preparing him for the great work before him.

When about twenty-nine years of age he was ordained pastor and placed over the Peace Street Church, which post he held for about eleven years, until the day of his death. It is not necessary to review in detail the work of these seventeen years, full to overflowing with labors of love "in season and out of season," through heat and cold, in sunshine and shadow, year in and year out. Only the judgment day will reveal the brightness of that star which shall shine for ever and ever because of the multitude of souls turned to righteousness as a result of faithful ministrations while on earth. And yet special mention should be made of his work in behalf of opium smokers.

It was in the year 1891, or thereabouts, that his soul became oppressed with the weight of responsibility for the salvation of the souls of this poor, outcast class. It is impossible to say whether Pastor Ling entered upon this work with any special faith that any number would actually and permanently break away from the bonds which held them in slavery, but certain it is that the conviction that his was to do and dare, took full possession of him. The number of sin-laden souls,

at first small and attracted thither simply by the report that in the hands of this pastor was medicine which would cure them of the opium habit, grew as time went on, until the roll contained well-nigh one thousand names. To test the sincerity of those who came, a payment of ten cents was required before enrollment, and the money thus secured was afterwards used by the church for the support of a school.

It was something of a disappointment to many who had come expecting an almost immediate cure through the power of the wonderful western medicine, to be told that the efficacy of this medicine would depend entirely on the power of a new life within the recipient, and that this power of a new life could only be obtained by prayer and an entire surrender of self to Him who is mighty to save. No medical treatment was allowed in any case until after three weeks spent in learning to pray and attendance at nightly meetings in the chapel.

I can well remember these meetings. A small, poorly lighted, badly ventilated room filled with men on whose faces there stand out the unmistakable marks of slavery to a gross appetite. The meeting is led by the pastor himself, or by one of the few faithful who have been led to join in this attempt to save souls. After the usual exercises, singing, prayer and Scripture reading, a short address is given, and then the whole congregation kneels in deep humility before the throne of grace. Prayers follow each other in quick suc-

cession, many, like that of the publican of old, but a sentence in length, and yet bespeaking an earnest desire to be free from the thralldom of sin. The meeting is over, and a smile spreads over the weary, worn face of the pastor as he bows each one out, giving them all some word of encouragement or reminding them of the meeting on the following night. And thus they separate. There is no doubt of their earnestness. Many have come from long distances, and are obliged to climb the city wall both coming and going. Others have moved from their homes in the country to places where they can be more accessible to the church and hospital.

And so the work goes on while weeks lengthen into months, and months into years, and there comes a breakdown—a warning of the end which came so sadly and yet so gloriously on the first Sunday of the century. It may be that not many of those who assembled in that chapel night after night have been actually saved; that there have not been many who did not go back to the pipe, like the sow to her wallowing. But when God's Book of Remembrance is opened, it will be found recorded there that Pastor Ling did what he could to save these poor, miserable victims to the opium habit.

Pastor Ling was a true pastor. To him the spiritual welfare of his flock was a matter of prime importance, and to give strict attention to this he sacrificed personal comfort, enjoyment, health, everything. He would sit for hours at a time,

weak and weary though he might be, entirely forgetful of duties to himself, and listen to some tale of wrong, oftentimes imaginary or at least greatly exaggerated, from the lips of some member of his flock, and then by exhortation and prayer attempt to strengthen the faith in that Christ who said, "In this world ye shall have tribulation, . . . but I have overcome the world."

Unlike a large number of native pastors and preachers, he never "knocked at the yamen gate," and his record will go down as one entirely free from the taint of any gain either in popularity or church finances by unwarranted tampering with heathen officialdom. Not that he had no care for the physical comforts of his people. He did not wrap himself about with the mantle of spirituality to such an extent as to have no care for the concerns of earth. His sympathizing ear was open to the story of trial, trouble and want from the lips of any one, and the loving heart took upon itself the weight of all these woes.

No one, however poor, despised and outcast, but found in him a friend, ever ready to do what he thought was right to alleviate, comfort and encourage. His humility was scarcely less marked than his kindness, patience and forbearance. His only pattern was the one Example of human in divine perfection, and he clung to the promise held out for His weak followers, "When he shall appear we shall be like him." He shrank from publicity, so much so, in fact, that the rare beauties,

heavenly radiance and divine luster of his character were not at the time recognized and appreciated, and we are reminded of Hood's exquisite lines:

“Farewell; we did not know thy worth;
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:
Thus angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognized.”

His life had its share of burdens and trials, and not the least of these was the unbelief of his old mother. As she had opposed him in his youth and early manhood, so this opposition continued during her old age, and on not a few occasions he was put in most trying positions. But his patience and forbearance, in the face of great difficulties, in time bore fruit, and he had the pleasure of believing, just before her death, that he should meet his old mother in the mansions above—a soul saved by the grace of God and the life of a devoted and godly son.

We must not omit to mention one other admirable quality in his character, and that was his hopefulness in regard to the future of his country. Pastor Ling was a patriot. He loved his country, and, however dark the outlook, he would not believe that there was anything but a period of prosperity and power in store for the land he loved. This was to be secured by the spread of Christianity and education. These were to be the levers which should lift China from her low estate to a position of respect and honor among the nations of the earth.

None felt more keenly than he the need of mental, moral, social and economic reform. Intellectually he was a self-made man. In his youth he had the privileges of but a moderate education, but on this as a foundation, by the improvement of every opportunity which offered, he built an intellectual structure not surpassed by that of any of his associates. It was this view of the important part western education was to play in the molding of the new China which led him to take a deep interest in the work of Foochow College. His connection with the college, other than as a preacher to the students, had not been for long, and his daily and direct teaching of the Bible was given to but a small class of young men. Still, such was his power and influence for good, that his removal has made a profound impression throughout the institution. The life of the college, within the spiritual sphere, was elevated by his presence in the student community. The officers and teachers with whom he was associated will long remember what a deep interest he always took in the well-being and prosperity of the college, and what a joy it was to him to witness its growth year by year. He was always ready to give his efforts, time, wise counsels, genuine sympathy, and friendly encouragement in aid of any one who was working in any way whatever for the advancement of truth and civilization. And how infinitely valuable such help was, those knew best who were closely associated with him in work.

Pastor Nik-sing needs no eulogy. His record is on high, and he will always live in the hearts of the people whom he loved and who loved him. He was highly respected by the gentry and literati of the city, and many have been the expressions of sorrow and regret at the early ending of a life so rich in good works. Always cheerful, even under trying circumstances, his smiling face has more than once been, to the writer, God's messenger of encouragement and hope.

The last year of his career was, perhaps, the most remarkable, for it brought out the spirit of the true man which was in him. Tumult and anxiety and fear reigned to a greater or less extent throughout the empire. In many places men of his faith and feeling had been and were being mercilessly and cruelly beaten, put to the sword, burned, and even sawn asunder, and the talk all about him was that the time was near at hand when all of his stamp were to be exterminated root and branch, together with the hated foreign devils, no matter in what pursuit engaged. He sent his wife and little ones to a place of greater safety, but with the eyes of Christians and heathen alike turned toward him, he resolved to stand at his post in spite of the seemingly approaching storm of death and destruction.

Notwithstanding all the limitations arising from bodily weakness and the uncertainty of the prospect, he moved on in the performance of his daily duties with the same quiet, cheerful and brave

spirit which had characterized his life for so many years. The storm which threatened, passed off, but the experience of those few weeks had done their fatal work on a constitution already weak and worn out. Death came suddenly and unexpectedly on a beautiful Sabbath morning, but it was met with that calmness and fortitude which pertain to the noblest character. It found him at his post, doing the work to which he had been divinely called, faithful even to the end both to God and man.

The college has lost a conscientious teacher; the church, a most consecrated and spiritual pastor; the family, a loving husband and father; society, a good man, and heaven alone has become the richer. But the sense of our loss may be mingled with a thankful appreciation of the value of his services and of the rich memories of a godly life which he has left behind him. The men of such saintly lives in the successive generations make up no small part of the glory of the Christian church. They rest from their labors, but their works follow them, and carry influences for good to many who never know the source from which the blessing descends upon them, though they continually rejoice in the rich life which they possess. We thank God for Pastor Ling's life and ministry, with its Christlike humility and self-sacrifice, and would pray that the seed so faithfully sown, may spring up and bear abundant fruit "to the praise of the glory of his grace."

L. P. PEET.

CHAPTER XXII.

WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSION (BRITISH), CANTON.

It seems most fitting that of the native Christians in this list of biographies, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, should come from Canton, which was blessed above and before other places in China with the preaching of the gospel. The Rev. Chau A Hok, the subject of this sketch, is one of the lecturers in the Theological School of the Wesleyan Methodist Mission, Canton, a position he has held with credit and distinction for many years.

Mr. Chau is a Cantonese. He was born in the district of Tung Kun on the East River, about the year 1826. His father was a native banker in the county town. He was a man much respected and was possessed of considerable wealth. Through a series of losses the family was reduced to poverty, but these misfortunes proved to be but blessings in disguise, for it was on account of these things that the whole family removed to Canton City, into which Christian teachers had just recently gained an entrance after many years of waiting. It was not until long afterwards that missionaries went to Tung Kun.

Mr. Chau was one of six brothers, five of whom embraced Christianity, a most extraordinary thing for those times. The father and mother followed

the excellent example of their children, and took up their cross in their old age. The father became a catechist, and was the pioneer of Christian work in the great and notoriously anti-foreign city of Fatshan. Mr. Chau was originally intended for literary pursuits, but these had to be abandoned because of the failure of his father's business. He was apprenticed to a relation, a merchant in Canton. He took up his residence in that city in the year 1850. At that time there were two mission churches in Canton. The one in the east end was under the control of Roberts, the American Baptist missionary, whose casual connection, with the man who became the leader of the Tai-Ping Rebellion and his own tragic end, gives his name a very peculiar interest in the history of missions in China. It was from this church that Hung Sau Ts'uen obtained, when in Canton for the examinations, those Christian books which he carried to his home, and, brooding over them, evolved those ideas and discovered those immense latent powers which were destined to exercise such a mighty influence on China, and which all but swept away the present dynasty. The native preacher at this church was Yeung Hing. He was a native of Heung Shan. His knowledge of Christianity was very meager, and when he did preach, it was very much after the style of the Sacred Edict preachers, telling stories and urging the people to be good and filial, and countless blessings would be their portion. He had a pro-

found reverence for Chinese characters, and it was no uncommon thing to see him going along the road picking up scraps of written paper.

The other church was in the west end of Canton, at the hospital of the London Missionary Society, of which Dr. Hobson was in charge. It was not yet the days of colporteurs. There was only one man who occasionally did colporteur work. His name was Lo. He was the gatekeeper at the hospital. When it was a non-patient day, he used to go round the city distributing Christian literature. Some of these tracts fell into the hands of Mr. Chau, and the truth immediately appealed to him. It came to him with a strange power, warming and drawing out his heart in a way the Chinese classics had never done. The tract that affected him most was the well-known "Two Friends," a tract that has proved a blessing to so many. Tracts dealing with the folly of idolatry found a ready response in his mind. Without any struggle he accepted their principles, and the only satisfactory explanation must be that Good Spirit "that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," for the heathen are not left entirely without witness.

The edition of Holy Scripture then in circulation was very imperfect, and difficult for the reader to understand. It was perhaps well, and a thing for which we ought to feel grateful, that the people were so unwilling to receive copies, even when they could be had without payment.

HIS CONVERSION.

Mr. Chau's removal to Canton, and especially his residence in the shop of a relation, proved to be the turning-point in his life. Dr. Hobson's gate-keeper and occasional colporteur, Lo, had a friend in the shop where Mr. Chau was living. It was through this man that he was led first of all to attend the Sunday services at the hospital church. He has a very vivid recollection of the illustrious medical missionary and his lady. He remembers with feelings of the deepest gratitude, to this day, how they welcomed him. Those services were very select, indeed, for, in addition to those employed at the hospital, there were only two or three outsiders. It was fortunate for Chau that he was in the house of a relation, for no ordinary apprentice would have been allowed to frequent a place of so doubtful reputation as a mission church.

The London Mission preacher was Mr. Leung A Fat. He had come from Malacca when the Anglo-Chinese College moved to Hongkong. His exile was not a voluntary one. Some years previous the mandarins had sought his life because of his connection with the Christian church. Chau went regularly to the services at the hospital. Like Lydia, his heart gently opened to the truth, and in it the Holy Spirit wrought conviction of sin and the necessity of a Saviour. In the course of a year he decided to ask for baptism and admission to the Christian church. Leung A Fat baptized him,

and thus he forms a link between to-day and those early and heroic times of missionary enterprise in China. The year following his baptism, his whole family—father, mother and brothers—came to settle in Canton. He rejoined them and continued with them till his twenty-eighth year of age.

Mr. Chau's first direct contact with mission work was in his twenty-ninth year. Dr. Hobson wished to translate a book on physiology into Chinese. Chau was employed to trace the diagrams. The care and excellence with which he did this work attracted the attention of the doctor, who saw in this man the promise of future usefulness, a promise which has been amply fulfilled. Happy is the man to whom God gives this insight and power of discerning men, and the grace and wisdom to lead them out into the service of the church. From that time Chau was engaged as an assistant evangelist at the hospital and to help Leung A Fat. This wise choice has already influenced vast numbers for good. The Sunday services must have been longer then, for Chau always preached after Leung A Fat.

Those meetings at the London Mission Hospital church were truly catholic. Many of the missionaries had no work or churches of their own. They were glad to gather at this place, which was a kind of missionary training-ground. Among the recently arrived missionaries was a young man called George Piercy, who had come out at his own expense. The Wesleyan Methodist Church had not

sent him. The claims of India and other lands left no place for China, but God was working, and in his own good time, both in South China and in the Yang Tsze valley, the Methodist Church would yet discharge some of its duties and obligations to God and the Chinese. In this Chau has taken a large part.

COUNTRY EVANGELIZATION.

It was a great achievement to get into Canton City, but the missionaries longed with a Christlike compassion for the millions that lay beyond. Frequent excursions were made to the many villages and towns in the neighborhood of Canton. The general behavior of the people was very rude and often hostile. Their minds were opposed to the entrance of strangers bringing with them what they regarded as pernicious and harmful heresies. Large, fine copies of the New Testament were freely distributed, but it was no uncommon thing for those who received them to tear them up or burn them. The following account well illustrates the difficulties and dangers of country traveling in the early "fifties."

Two Wesleyan Methodist missionaries, Messrs. Cox and Beach, accompanied by Chau and Lo, from the hospital, had made a book-selling journey to Shek Lung, a city on the East River. Knowing the intense curiosity of the people as well as their animosity, on their arrival they anchored their boat just a little outside the town. They had not

been long in this position when a messenger from the yamen came, urging that the boat be moved nearer to the town, as much safer and less likely to be attacked by pirates. Never suspecting treachery, for the request was both reasonable and polite, orders were given to the boatmen to do as requested. Nothing immediately occurred to disturb their peace till about 8 P. M., when they were roused from their false security by the beating of gongs. Soon after, two mandarins, one a civil and the other a military mandarin, with a large number of soldiers and yamen runners, appeared on the scene. It was a striking sight, for they carried torches and spears, the latter gleaming in the light of the torches. The civil mandarin, with a band of his men, went on board of the boat of the missionaries. He seized Chau and Lo by the queues, and proceeded to drag them after him. He did not let go until he got them on shore. The followers of the mandarins made a circle on the bank of the river, with the mandarins in the middle. Into this circle Chau and Lo were conducted, and ordered to kneel in front of the two officials. When all was ready the examination began. Notes were taken of all the answers. In wrathful tones the question was asked, "What was your object in bringing these barbarians to this city?" A thorough search of the boat only brought to light copies of the New Testament and tracts. This was rather disappointing, as they evidently expected to find arms and ammunition. On the books were stamped

in Chinese characters "Benevolent Hospital," as the London Mission Hospital was called. This confirmed what had been said in the examination. Lo at first would not kneel, which had the effect of rousing the ire of his accusers. Cox saw this, and gave Lo the hint to conform to the customs of his country. Chau, true to his peace-loving nature, had already done the kow-tow. The civil mandarin, addressing Chau, perhaps because he came from that country, said, "We shall hold you responsible for anything that happens."

Cox stood with Chau and Beach with Lo. The latter missionary had only been in China a short time, and was not able to say much. Cox stood up and declared that both the Chinese who had come with them were true men. The responsibility of being there lay wholly with the foreigners, for the Chinese had merely accompanied them. This bold speech had a good effect. From that time the mandarins seemed puzzled as to what course to pursue. After a good deal of private consultation, the military mandarin, addressing Chau and Lo, said, "You must go to the district city and find some one who will stand surety for you. If you can find some one of reputation to do this, then you will be set at liberty." Cox again broke in, objecting most strongly to the men being taken away. "If you do take them," said he, "then we shall go with them." This firmness evidently staggered the mandarins in their resolution, and in a few minutes they said, "Get off to your boat and leave here by to-morrow

morning at daylight." The yamen runners called out, "Their excellencies have shown you great mercy; kow-tow, kow-tow." All night long a small mandarin, with a company of soldiers, kept a strict watch over the missionaries' boat. It was scarcely daybreak when they called on them to go, which they were not sorry to do.

YEARS OF SOWING AND TRIAL.

The ten years between 1850 and 1860 must have been particularly trying to the missionaries. The internal troubles of the country, which carried desolation and death far and wide throughout the land, were scarcely finished when the second Chinese war broke out. During these years there were only a few baptisms. Viewed at this distance of time, one can not help feeling that the mission work of that period must have made a special drain on the faith of the missionaries. Those men certainly labored, and we, of later years, have entered into their labors. We are reaping what they sowed in tears, and those of them who have gone to their reward may in some way unknown to us be able to trace much of the comparative success of to-day to those years of sowing.

The acceptance of Christianity was regarded as contrary to the law of the land. It was not till the second treaty of peace was signed that the Toleration Clause was introduced. Foreigners were hated and distrusted, and so it came to pass that even the benevolent side of the work did not es-

cape the same kind of unfair criticism that was applied to the aggressive side of the work. The one boys' school, belonging to the American Presbyterian Mission, was looked upon as a means to get hold of the boys, just as at a later time, when girls' schools were first opened, it was firmly believed that the object of the foreigners was to get the girls together and then forward them to Hong-kong for immoral purposes. It could not be denied that in the hospital men were healed and sickness relieved, but all this was only part of the general scheme to win over the hearts of the people. The strongly rooted idea that the foreigners had designs on the land, added another element of bitterness to those already existing. Consequently, the people were very averse to mission work, the object of which was entirely misunderstood. The missionaries were frequently, quite innocently on their part, involved in the action of their countrymen who were provoked by the treachery and insolence of the Chinese to acts of reprisal.

The kingdom of peace and righteousness, which the missionaries preached, was emphatically "a kingdom to come," and there were no signs of its coming, but, on the contrary, it was the reign of the kingdom of darkness. The consummation of it all was the second Chinese war, which broke up the little that had been accomplished, and the missionaries were compelled to seek refuge in Macao. For nearly three years they were shut up in Macao. The missionaries stuck to their posts till the last.

Dr. Hobson did not go on board till the shots were beginning to hiss over the city. With the closing of the hospital, Mr. Chau returned to his native place, and this ended his connection with the London Mission. After a short visit to his people, he went to Macao on the invitation of the Rev. George Piercy, as a teacher and preacher, and ever since has been connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Mission.

RETURNS TO CANTON.

After the capture of Canton by the allies, Chau returned to Canton with Mr. Piercy. This was the beginning of a new era in the history of missions in China. A great change had come over the disposition of the people. Many came to make inquiries as to the nature and teachings of Christianity. The purchase of land was then perhaps easier than it has been at any other period since. To Mr. Piercy belongs the honor of having done more than any other man to found schools for girls, both boarding and day schools. In all this, Chau took a prominent part.

It is difficult to estimate the very valuable services Chau rendered to the Wesleyan Mission during the last forty-five years. The greatest part of his ministry has been given to educational work, and for the last twenty years his special department has been the training of catechists. At the age of seventy-five he is still hale and hearty. He is doing full and efficient service. He has produced

no original work, but in most of the literary work done by the Wesleyan missionaries, he has had an honorable share.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

Summing up, Mr. Chau says: "It is more than fifty years since I became a member of the Christian church. In the intervening years I have seen immense changes, and these, on the whole, have been for good. At that time there were not more than half a dozen Christians in Canton. The yearly additions did not amount to more than one or two. The new era began with the declaration of peace at the end of the second war, and, almost without exception, every year since that time has seen an ever-increasing ratio of increase. To-day the missions working from Canton as a center, count over ten thousand members.

"When I made my first acquaintance with Canton there were only two mission churches. Now, including rented buildings as well as those built, there are several hundreds. Then there was only one boys' school, where, as an inducement to attend, presents of money and clothes were given. Now, boys' schools exist throughout the province, in town and country, and it is not necessary to have recourse to such doubtful expedients to fill them. If it was difficult to get boys to attend Christian schools then, it was infinitely more difficult to get girls. To-day, the only limit is the money at the disposal of the missionaries for this

kind of work. Second to none in importance has been the opening of girls' boarding-schools and training-schools for catechists. The influence of these things has already been felt, and will be more and more as time goes by."

"Another thing," Chau says, "I would like to point out, is the remarkable change in the disposition of the people. When I was a young man, the prevailing feeling was that the object of the foreign propaganda was political, and that Christianity was a system of erroneous doctrines, which taught men to forget and neglect their parents. It also forbade the worship of ancestors and spirits. The most damaging of all, however, were the stories which represented the Christians as living in promiscuous intercourse. Some of the things that were said were stupid and absurd, but that did not in any way affect the ready credence that was given to all and every report about foreigners. A peculiar kind of pill was in use among the Christians, which whoever swallowed forthwith all sense of shame forgot.

"The native Christians suffered much at the hands of their countrymen. They were looked upon as traitors, men who had denied the faith of their fathers, and given themselves to work out the wicked designs of the barbarians from across the seas. People refused to give them their daughters in marriage. True, there are still some who hold these ideas, but the great majority have seen through their folly. There is still a tendency to

despise Christians, but it is small and unimportant compared with the early days.

"In recent years the better class of the Chinese have shown a friendly disposition, and some of them regularly visit the missionaries; also an ever-increasing number of the gentry and literary classes have sought to be admitted to the Christian church. The enemies of God's church in China have from time to time planned its destruction by diligently spreading false reports of a nature calculated to rouse the intensest hatred and strongest passions of the people. Such were the troubles that arose from the shan-sin-fan (Genii Powder) rumors. It was alleged that the Christians secretly dropped these powders into the wells. The effect of drinking the water into which these powders had been thrown was death in about a month. The form of this report was most insidious, and for weeks the people were kept in the wildest excitement. Strange to say, not one Christian lost his life, although several of the heathen did.

"The people had good reason to remember the Tai-Ping Rebellion, and so had the mandarins. It was a most unfortunate circumstance that the rebels called themselves the 'Sheung Tai Oof.' It is only necessary to tell the reader who does not know Chinese that practically the same term was used by some of the missionaries, when speaking of the Christian church.

"Thrice has war been waged in my time by Great Britain, France and Japan. On all these occa-

sions the native Christians have been regarded as the prime movers and the cause of these invasions. They were supposed to be in league with the foreigners in their dark designs. These things were made the plea for the destruction of the Christian church. Humanly speaking, the very existence of the church was again and again threatened. 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken and we are escaped.' Each succeeding trouble has been made to subserve God's purpose, and his glory has been thereby more fully revealed in the sight of the heathen."

Looking back over these last fifty years, and considering the terrible opposition which Christianity has had to meet, and which it has driven back, even if it has not yet completely conquered, Chau says: "I have the firmest conviction that Christianity must conquer in the end. I feel that nothing can happen in the future which will successfully interfere with the progress of the gospel of Jesus Christ, for 'he must reign.' Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift. I believe the day is hastening when all my countrymen shall bow at the feet and at the name of Jesus, which day may God hasten in his own good time."

WM. BRIDIE.

